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REIN TAAGEPERA

REVOLT OF THE THINKING CLASS

Visit to Mao's Past
The Caves of Pao-an
Lois Wheeler Snow

SPACE POKER
WHO WILL WIN THE SHUTTLE PORT?
JACK WAUGH

•

Castro's Cuba—The Exception and the Rule
ELEANOR HAKIM reviews
K. S. Karol / 'Guerrillas in Power'

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LETTERS

from anger to joy

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Being a fledging playwright, I read reviews with an interest ranging from incredulity to anger to boredom, because most of them have no sense of perspective and lack any real set of critical standards. . . . It is a joy to read Harold Clurman's work. It is mature, human, intelligent, and gives dignity to his profession and subject matter. I can't tell you how important I think Mr. Clurman is to the health of the American theatre.

Jan Buckaloo

simplistic media

North Hollywood, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In your editorial on school bussing [May 3] you imply that Nixon and Reagan's attempts to discredit Judge Alfred Gitelson for issuing a desegregation order to the Los Angeles city schools resulted in the judge's defeat at re-election. I think the more important and serious cause of his defeat was the Los Angeles radio and television newcasts which constantly referred to Gitelson's "bussing decision" even though bussing was only one of many alternatives to achieve school desegregation. The news media habitually present very complex issues in simplified, usually emotional, terms that grossly distort what is actually occurring. (An example is the local media presenting the SST issue only in terms of unemployment.)

Hilma Cohn

murderers as heroes

Pahoa, Hawaii

DEAR SIRS: Many of us who were around forty years ago see a striking parallel between the coddling of Lieut. William Calley and the treatment given Lieut. Tom Massie, another white, Protestant Southerner, who was charged with the kidnap and murder of Joseph Kahahawai, identified by Mrs. Massie as one of her assailants. Although Massie pleaded "insanity," his defense was conducted along racist lines: a white woman said she was ravished by dark-skinned men and this justified white men taking the law into their own hands. (A jury had previously failed to convict Kahahawai and four co-defendants. Later investigation proved they could not possibly have committed the crime—if indeed one had been committed.)

When Massie and three others were indicted, Rear Admiral Yates Stirling, Jr., Commandant of the 14th Naval District, demanded they be detained in Naval custody on the station ship *Alton,* a luxurious floating officers' quarters. "To send these people to a Hawaiian prison where they would live at hard labor with Orientals and other dark-skinned criminals is too horrible even to contemplate. It must not happen," he said.

When a Honolulu jury found Massie guilty, a nationwide uproar ensued. Numerous Congressmen and state legislators were outraged by the verdict. Floyd Gibbons, war correspondent, wrote: "Don't give up the white women of Hawaii! Don't give up the Hawaiian Islands to Asiatic politicians!" The Hearst press featured a daily box in each of its hundreds of newspapers urging: "Write your Representative in Washington to take the necessary steps to protect the honor of American womanhood . . . and to compel decent respect on the part of the Hawaiian rabble for our American Nation and our Nation's patriotic defenders."

After receiving a sentence of "not more than ten years at hard labor in Oahu Prison," Massie and his co-defendants were taken to Iolani Palace where Gov. Lawrence Judd, bowing to mainland pressure, commuted the sentence to the one hour which had elapsed.

William Reich

EDITORIALS

Justice for the Panthers

The Nation for July 28, 1969 carried an article by L. F. Palmer of the Chicago *Daily News*, "Out to Get the Panthers." That title was not fanciful, as the murders of Panther leaders by the police in Chicago and elsewhere showed—although Charles R. Garry, the attorney for Bobby Seale in the New Haven case, gave out figures on total Panther casualties which were apparently excessive. Whatever the outcome in New Haven, justice was finally done in New York, where thirteen Panthers were on trial for eight months (the longest trial in the history of New York State's criminal courts).

These people were charged with offenses that could have brought each of them 309 years in jail. Everything else about this trial, with one exception, was enormous. The trial cost the state $2 million. The testimony filled more than 10,000 pages. Pretrial motions alone consumed three months. Summations accounted for another three weeks, and the judge's charge went on for three days. Most of the defendants had been in jail for two years before they were declared innocent. It was as if the law's delays in every conceivable form had been put on exhibition in Justice Murtagh's courtroom.

Then, after all that, the jury, composed of six whites, five blacks and one Puerto Rican, took two hours to acquit all thirteen, including two who had jumped bail.

What happened? The state had no case. It was as simple as that. The prosecution relied almost entirely on the testimony of three police agents who had infiltrated the New York Panther chapter. These agents, and other witnesses of less account, testified that the thirteen had conspired to murder policemen, bomb precinct houses, bomb the tracks of the Penn Central Railroad and department stores and—a bizarre addition—the New York Botanical Gardens! The jury was hardheaded, and it was skeptical about dragnet conspiracy charges and the reliability of undercover agents, whose business it is to turn up crime one way or another. But the crux of the matter was summed up by one of the jurors, Stephen Chaberski, a graduate student at Columbia University: "In his charge the judge made it perfectly clear about motive and intent. Motive, he explained, is what the defendants would like to do; intent is whether they really intended to do it. And the government did not prove intent."

The lessons of this expensive and squalid business are threefold. First, this was a misbegotten prosecution and should never have been undertaken. Second, a competent jury may balk when the state really has nothing except the testimony of informers. Third, the Panthers, a sort of black, pseudo-revolutionary outfit get themselves into a certain amount of unnecessary trouble with their theatricals—the more so because the police respond with counter-theatricals and visions of their own.

The jurors were unanimous for acquittal on the first ballot. The juror system often fails and a verdict so rational and so free from prejudice is encouraging. *Newsweek* remarks that it was a more "cosmopolitan" panel than most. Still, with a composer, two teachers, two editors, a copyreader, a Columbia doctoral candidate, a

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welfare supervisor, two clerks, a maintenance man and a retired longshoreman, it was a good mix of average intelligent Americans—and American jurors are usually intelligent when they are not besotted by the lies and propaganda of government.

The sequel to the trial was strange and moving. All the members of the panel joined the acquitted in a champagne victory celebration, after Justice Murtagh, who had hardly bothered to hide his hostility to the defendants during the trial, praised the jurors' "dedicated service," adding, "You have served in the best tradition of our law." Ours is said to be a racist society, but at some times, in some places, the racism is not incurable. One observer commented that it was as if the jurors had come to understand the defendants in their long ordeal, and had grown fond of them. One of the Panthers' lawyers, Sanford Katz, said of the jurors, "They were the only bulwark against a sham conspiracy prosecution." That is high praise, and the defense lawyers also deserve the utmost credit.

The Mansfield Ruckus

That gentlest of Senators, Mike Mansfield, stirred up a frightful ruckus by offering an amendment that would have forced a reduction of 50 per cent of U.S. troop levels in Europe. According to Mansfield's figures, which have not been challenged, the United States has now more than 2,000 bases in some thirty countries all over the world, occupied by 1,750,000 military personnel, military dependents, and locally recruited workers at an annual cost of about $4.5 billion a year. In Europe alone, we have 300,000 military personnel and 225,000 dependents—twenty-five years after the end of World War II. The military men include 128 generals, many of whom must be perplexed to find work for themselves, if indeed they still look for it.

The ostensible reason for the presence of this force is that it will enable us and our European allies to fight with conventional weapons when the Russian hordes descend on us. The presence of American troops is intended to guarantee that we will fight at the side of the West Germans, French, Greeks and other freedom-loving peoples, who supposedly live in ceaseless fear of the Warsaw Pact nations, no matter how much the latter strive to loosen their ties with the Russians. The French have withdrawn their troops from NATO, but somehow this is not construed as an argument against a reduction in American forces. Nor has anyone explained how 300,000 Americans, of whom only four divisions are combat troops, might throw back the Red Army, with some 3.3 million effectives. If the Russians march, it is a foregone conclusion that our side will resort to nuclear weapons, of which we have an inventory of more than 7,000 on the spot, ready for action. Of course, except in a hallucinatory military imagination, there is no sign that they want to fight.

The fact is that NATO has become a vested interest of the cold war, like the military-industrial complex in the United States, to which it is closely tied. Not only Mansfield but the whole Senate is well aware of this; the Senators know, also, that for many American military men

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THE NATION

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Europe is a vacation spot, a safe refuge from Vietnam. Mansfield has tried patiently to induce successive administrations to diminish our role as the world's policeman, and in particular to reduce our NATO forces. Year after year, he has been ignored. When, finally losing his patience, he came up with his proposal to cut our NATO forces in half, he at least got attention.

The Nixon Administration, which seems to regard the President as a kind of constitutional monarch (with war-making powers more like those of an absolute monarch) put on a massive lobbying effort to head Mansfield off and intimidate Senators who might be inclined to side with him. But the best Mr. Nixon and his persuaders could do was to rally a collection of revered has-beens who had created NATO and its counterparts (SEATO), etc., and whose emotional attachment to the product of their labors was as intense as the profit motive of the military suppliers.

Never has the generation gap been more striking than in the group of elderly gentlemen, led by Dean Acheson, whom Mr. Nixon called once more to the colors. Clark Clifford and Arthur Goldberg declined; they probably felt that their relative youth disqualified them.

Mr. Brezhnev supposedly torpedoed Mr. Mansfield's initiative with a speech offering to negotiate a mutual withdrawal of forces. Administration officials were elated. One said, "It underlines so well what we have been saying—that now is not the time to unilaterally dismantle our forces." As far as these operators are concerned, there will never be a time for dismantling, unilaterally or otherwise. Brezhnev made practically the same offer a year ago, and, like Mansfield, was ignored.

As expected, the amendment was defeated, but, given the bipartisan Establishment pressures that were brought to bear, the 61-to-36 vote was a good deal less than a rout. And quite apart from the votes cast on his side, Senator Mansfield won a tactical victory. He shook the complacency of the Administration and the elder statesmen it had mobilized, and also got the point across to our European allies that popular pressures for change are mounting in this country and that negotiations for a mutual reduction of forces should proceed without delay.

Pentagon Salesman

That the Pentagon is spending somewhere between $30 million and $190 million annually to sell itself to the American people should not come as a surprise. No government department stands in greater need of P.R. embellishment. It is a surprise, however, to learn that a scientist of John S. Foster's standing should lend himself to something akin to the activities that CBS exposed in "The Selling of the Pentagon."

Dr. Foster has been director of research and engineering for the Department of Defense since 1965, and before that had a most impressive career in academic and government service, including the directorship of the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at Livermore, Calif. Yet, according to an extensive and carefully documented report by a committee of the Federation of American Scientists, he has been stumping the country to publicize a mythical Soviet technological lead over the United States, including interviews in *U.S. News & World Report* ("Russia vs. U.S.—Coming Crisis in Arms") and in *Reader's Digest* ("Our Strategic Arms Advantage Is Fading Fast").

The FAS report was inserted in the *Congressional Record-Senate*, May 10, 1971, pp. 6517-6525, by Senator McGovern. FAS is no pacifist organization. It "supports a vigorous program of research, and of development (R&D), on those weapons that are necessary to maintain a deterrent of unquestioned power." Dr. Herbert York, FAS chairman, formerly occupied Dr. Foster's post at the Pentagon. Others connected with the report—Dr. Marvin L. Goldberger, Dr. Richard R. Nelson, Dr. George W. Rathjens, Dr. F. M. Scherer—have had extensive experience in weapons evaluation. Even Dr. Foster's deputy, Dr. Eberhardt Rechtin, has contradicted Dr. Foster's scarehead discovery that Soviet technology, always second-rate in comparison with that of the United States, is about to overwhelm us. Dr. Foster estimates the Russian gain to be one year in every three or four; Dr. Rechtin says the Soviets did not gain on us in the 1960-68 period. Therefore, to support Dr. Foster's contention, the acceleration must have begun after 1968. But how can an estimate covering three or four years be based on developments in a two-year period, even if these developments are well authenticated, as Dr. Foster's emphatically are not?

The general conclusion which Pentagon watchers will reach is that Dr. Foster's campaign is only the latest of a series of "gaps" in our weapons programs: the bomber gap of 1955, the missile gap of 1960, the ABM gap of 1967, and the large missile (SS-9) gap of 1969. Dr. Foster's is an R&D gap, even more poorly supported than the earlier alarms, but with the same purpose—to frighten the public and the Congress into appropriating ever larger sums for the U.S. end of the arms race. FAS's scathing conclusion is that this latest episode "has been a classical numbers game featuring selective disclosure, questionable assumptions, exaggeratedly precise estimates, misleading language, and alarmist *non sequitur* conclusions."

Scientists do not characterize one of their number in such terms without good cause. It may be said in mitigation that, while Dr. Foster's service in the Defense Department antedates the advent of the Nixon Administration, he seems to be sincerely devoted to it, but from a scientific viewpoint, it is hard to imagine a worse excuse.

How Much Longer?

The perfunctory attention of the press to the House action in giving the Internal Security Committee $570,000 this year failed to emphasize what the committee intends to do with the money. The ISC, headed by Rep. Richard H. Ichord (D., Mo.) had asked for $670,000; the reviewing committee cut the request to $450,000, but a determined floor fight by Ichord and his cohorts got the appropriation back to $570,000. To this must be added the unit's entitlement to $250,000 as a standing committee—$820,000 in all.

Here is what the committee intends to do with the money: it will add twenty-four staffers to the already top-heavy staff of forty-nine, which will make the committee the fourth in size. With this enlarged staff, it proposes to

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investigate every group that has participated in current anti-war activities, specifically the National Peace Action Coalition and the People's Coalition for Peace and Justice. Father Robert F. Drinan (D., Mass.), himself a member of the ISC, told his colleagues that the committee intends to "investigate allegedly subversive activities of individuals and groups who have sought to mobilize veterans against the military. In a truly incredible 13-page document . . . the staff made it clear that it intended to investigate the lives and activities of virtually every American citizen who has had any contact with anti-war agitation inside or outside the military."

The motion to increase the administration committee's recommendation carried by 256 to 129, but it was significant that one-third of those answering the roll call dared vote against the increase; that has not happened before. It was significant also that on the final vote seventy-five members stood in total opposition to the committee. Last year only fifty-two members so voted. Although members have not liked to confess to being intimidated, Father Drinan laid the hard fact on the line when he said: "A member can justify his vote on behalf of the committee only because he fears that [a contrary vote] will be caricatured by future political enemies as a vote which indicates that he is 'soft on communism.' How long must members of Congress be subservient to this craven fear?" Courage is said to be contagious and opposition is increasing. Even so, one must ask with Father Drinan, how long will those members of the Congress who privately oppose the ISC permit themselves to be intimidated, so that the committee can go forth, year after year, and attempt to intimidate the citizenry?

A Tough Club

With the debate rising over an all-volunteer military force, the Marine Corps is gearing itself to a massive campaign whose purpose is to make the Corps more selective than ever before. In contrast to the Army's "We want to join you" concept, the Marine Corps blatantly ostracizes the majority with the pledge, "We're looking for a few good men."

Brig. Gen. Charles C. Mize, now being sent around the country by Gen. Leonard Chapman, Corps commandant, to explain the Madison Avenue-designed promotion to Marine recruiters and veterans, told a Des Moines, Iowa, briefing earlier this month that, assuming Congressional approval, the Corps will spend $7.6 million in 1972 recruiting efforts for an all-volunteer force. Although the Corps could use an estimated 200 more black officers, Mize said it does not intend to "do any minority groups any favors." Hazing will continue, Mize said, "probably about as much as it is now. There's still the guy that needs to be whacked on the side of his head. We're looking for the few guys who don't mind wearing their hair short, who can take it. It's going to be a tough club to get into." "It's going to put us back on a pedestal again," responded one World War II veteran at the briefing to Mize's explanation of the tougher Corps recruiting policy.

Recruiters from six Iowa cities and Omaha, Neb., told Mize that their most pressing problem is replying to the often asked question about when the Corps intends to eliminate the combat elements from its 11,000-man Vietnam force. "Tell them we have an exact month and date, but it's classified and in the near future," Mize said. With the lottery system and the advent of the volunteer force, reserve recruiters said they found it hard to meet their quotas. "They used to be lined up waiting to get in," a recruiting officer told Mize. "Now they just aren't there."

What Hath Profit Wrought!

Samuel F. B. Morse's first official message over his 40-mile telegraph line was, "What hath God wrought!" God had wrought Western Union, and Western Union became a success story in the best free enterprise tradition. As late as the 1950s, a little more than a century after Morse had reduced his invention to practice, Western Union had more than 30,000 agencies and was handling a volume of 200 million telegrams annually.

The last twenty years, however, have witnessed a swift decline in Western Union's telegraph business. As in the case of the railroads, the service has been going down and the cost has gone up. A depressing article in the *Los Angeles Times* chronicles the decline. In April message rates rose again, so that in many cases it now is cheaper to telephone than to telegraph. Also a 75¢ fee is charged for physical delivery of a message. Yet, the telegram has manifest advantages. It provides a written record and, if the facilities are properly used, transmits such a record much faster than can the post office under optimum conditions.

Western Union is still profitable; the *Times* article says that in 1970 the company showed a record profit. But on its individual telegraph business it claimed to be losing money. More than half the company's revenues, the *Times* says, come from fast-growing non-telegram services, such as computer-based, shared-time information systems, private-leased communications networks, and teleprinters. Since there are more profitable outlets for its services, the less profitable are neglected, until they fall into disuse or until permission can be obtained to abandon them. Profit can be a guide to efficiency and need in some areas, but the telegraph duplicates the proof supplied by the railroads that in the realm of public service, where satisfaction of need should be paramount, profit is the poorest possible guide.

Soviet Gold

Current preoccupation with the skidding dollar and floating European currencies makes this an appropriate time to remind Americans of the existence of the Soviet State Bank. Somehow we do not think of the Russians as bankers, but the Soviet State Bank has undeclared gold holdings estimated at close to $10 billion ($6 billion according to another estimate). Whichever figure one accepts, there is more gold, plus hard currency assets, in the Soviet State Bank than there is in the gold reserves of West Germany, France and Britain rolled into one. Nor is the Soviet gold earmarked for international currency purposes; the ruble is a purely domestic currency.

Although it is little known in this country, the Soviets

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actually have a sound reputation as international bankers. Only a few weeks ago, the president of the Soviet State Bank, with three of his most experienced advisers, toured the Federal Republic for twenty days and was warmly received by official and private West German financial authorities. The object of his visit was to explore the prospects for a subsidiary of the Soviet State Bank in Frankfurt am Main. The West Germans seemed enchanted with the project and by way of inducement offered a building for the bank and apartments for 150 employees. At the moment the project hangs fire because the Soviets would like Bonn to ratify last year's nonaggression and security treaty before proceeding.

The Soviet State Bank's largest and oldest subsidiary, the Moscow Narodny Bank of London, with assets of close to $800 million in 1969, is one of the city's leading financial institutions. According to the report of the bank's chairman for the year ending December 31, 1970, plans are under way to "open representative offices in Canada and Singapore." A branch has been operating for several years in Beirut. The second largest Soviet bank abroad is the Banque Commerciale pour l'Europe du Nord, established in Paris in 1925, one of the godfathers of the Euro-Dollar market, with total assets of about $1 billion in 1969. Who knows but that the Soviets will one day open a branch in New York. This prospect, plus those tantalizing Soviet gold reserves, suggests the possibility that if worst comes to worst the European central bankers and their American counterparts might seek the assistance of the Soviets to help them stabilize their currencies. Backed by the Soviet State Bank's massive gold reserve, the dollar would once again be stable, and speculators who counted the dollar out, would be left holding the bag. The dollar, with the invisible counter-signature of the Soviet State Bank, would then be able to resume its role as the leading currency of the capitalist world. A pleasant fantasy, but forget it: we can't do business—that kind of business—with the Soviets.

Hoffa and the Witness

Tom Bethell

Mr. Bethell has been investigating the Hoffa-Partin affair for the past several months, on a grant from the Fund For Investigative Journalism.

New Orleans

James R. Hoffa, in his latest and probably last attempt to get out of jail in time for the Teamsters' convention this July, has now enlisted the aid of his former foe, Edward Grady Partin. When Hoffa was convicted of jury tampering in 1964, Partin, the head of Teamster Local 5 in Baton Rouge, was the principal government witness in the Chattanooga trial. Partin took the stand as a surprise witness and testified that Hoffa, in an earlier trial in Nashville, had said he would "pay $15,000 or $20,000, whatever it cost to get to the jury." Hoffa was convicted of jury tampering, and then later of defrauding the Teamsters' pension fund. Now, in a surprising reversal, Partin is making a last-minute attempt to assist the Teamster president get out of prison.

On March 27 this year, four days before Hoffa's parole application was reviewed, Edward Grady Partin traveled to Sherman Oaks, Calif., where he met with a reporter from the Manchester (N.H.) *Union-Leader*. The *Union-Leader*, published by William Loeb, an ardent Hoffa supporter, has received a $2 million loan from the Teamsters pension fund. In Sherman Oaks, Partin then responded to a series of questions propounded by a lawyer, in front of witnesses. When typed up, the statement ran to 31 pages. Although Partin has not signed the statement, a copy was personally delivered to President Nixon at San Clemente on April 7 by Audie Murphy, the film star and World War II hero, and a copy was also hand-delivered to Atty. Gen. John Mitchell by former Sen. George Murphy. United States District Court Judge Frank Wilson, who presided over Hoffa's jury tampering trial, has ordered a study of the document by lawyers for Hoffa and the government.

The full 31-page statement is confusing, primarily because the lawyer questioning Partin was largely unfamiliar with the facts in the case. But in essence Partin claims that he was compelled to testify as he did against Hoffa by government attorneys and members of Robert F. Kennedy's "Hoffa Squad," who threatened him with jail unless he cooperated. Partin was in a Baton Rouge jail on a kidnapping charge when he became a government informer. Nowhere in the recent statement, however, does Partin claim that he committed perjury. The Manchester *Union-Leader* ran a story on the statement (which it described as a "deposition"), and they claimed Partin had said: "Hoffa shouldn't really be in prison. I know I committed perjury but I was forced into it by Kennedy's people. I am willing to take my rap for perjury, but I think the truth should come out." Arthur C. Egan, Jr., the *Union-Leader* reporter, now admits that the comment does not occur in the transcript of the questioning, but insists that Partin made the statement to him in an interview.

It is clear, however, that Partin now wants to help Hoffa get out. Why? The answer probably lies in two otherwise unrelated facts: President Nixon has lately been under considerable political pressure from Hoffa allies to free the Teamster boss; and Partin himself faces trial in a federal antitrust case scheduled for trial on June 14. Partin is accused of conspiring with a co-defendant, Ted F. Dunham, Jr., to corner the concrete market in Baton Rouge. Dunham, a concrete manufacturer, has already been convicted of the charge.

Partin believes, observers in Baton Rouge feel, that having earlier won friends in high places in the Kennedy administration by helping put Hoffa in jail, he may be able to win new friends in the Nixon Administration by helping him get out. He may well be optimistic in that belief. Since Partin returned to Baton Rouge after his Hoffa testimony, the city has been embroiled in labor

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strife in the construction industry on an unprecedented scale. Partin was nearly always found to be in the middle of it. At one point, $500 million of new construction on the Mississippi River was halted entirely for six weeks. Attempts to prosecute Partin, until the latest antitrust indictment was returned after the Republicans took over, have come to naught. In addition, the release of Hoffa at this stage, while it might win Nixon some labor votes in '72—the Teamsters have a "Republican tradition" and the California Republicans are obviously interested—would inevitably result in a controversy which Nixon would probably rather avoid.

Meanwhile the *Union-Leader* is sticking close to Partin. Egan, their reporter on the Hoffa case, is in daily contact with him, and says that Partin is scheduled to give another statement soon. This time he might even sign it. Partin's trial will come up in mid-June; and Hoffa has said he will wait until no later than the first week of June before deciding whether to run again as Teamster president. Time is running out for both of them.

SPACE POKER

Who Will Win the Shuttle Port?

JACK WAUGH
Mr. Waugh is staff correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor *in the Southwest.*

Santa Fe, N.M.

Even as Apollo 15 astronauts get ready for their turn on the moon in June, a political poker game with stakes high enough to make the most seasoned political palms sweat is going through a round of bid and bluff here on earth. The pot is what may be the last big space money of the century—the money to build and operate the space shuttle, which, after the last three manned moon shots and the three Skylab earth orbiters have been accomplished in 1973, will become the centerpost of U.S. space activity.

The space shuttle will be two vehicles, a massive booster rocket about the size of a 747 jet, and a smaller vehicle about the size of a 707. They will be launched from earth, with the orbiter riding piggyback atop the booster. They will roar together to the edge of space —about 50 miles up, where the orbiter will blast off and soar into orbit. The booster will drop back and be readied for another trip. The orbiter will go about its appointed tasks in space, servicing space platforms, launching minisatellites, ferrying astronauts into space, repairing malfunctioning satellites, being the general factotum of space. It will be able to stay in orbit about thirty days before it too returns to its earth base to ride again atop another booster on some new space errand. The space shuttle will make work out there an everyday event.

Political muscle is now being exerted to determine the site of the port, where the shuttling craft will launch and land. The state picked could profit by an injection into its economy of as much as $14 billion and 45,000 jobs over the next ten years. This is not to mention the political rake-offs likely in whatever state wins the prize. Five states —Florida, California, New Mexico, Utah and Oklahoma —are in fierce competition for the shuttle port. Most of the other forty-five states are hopeful but unlikely prospects.

Florida with the Kennedy Space Center, California with Edwards and Vandenberg Air Force Bases, and New Mexico with the White Sands Missile Range are the three leaders. Utah is in the running with Wendover Air Force Base and Oklahoma is bidding with Clinton-Sherman Air Force Base. All told, 100 sites across the country have been scouted.

For several tense months last year the government gave every sign of intending to design a space shuttle that would require a sea-level launch site. That would almost certainly have meant Kennedy Space Center. However, political leverage wielded by other state politicians, particularly the aging and powerful Clinton P. Anderson (D., N. Mex.) forced a change of government heart. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration announced that it would not, after all, design a space shuttle that had to be launched from sea level. Inland hopes soared; Florida's smiles faded.

Florida, though the best equipped and instrumented present site for the shuttle, is somewhat weak in the department of political influence. In that area, so far New Mexico and California have the lead. However, New Mexico's hopes lie in a single pair of hands, those of the aging Clinton Anderson, who is still a powerful figure in U.S. space circles. Not only did he force NASA to reconsider its shuttle design and thus kept his state in the running but he is the chairman of the Senate Aeronautics and Space Committee. His word for the last ten years has landed with sledgehammer effect in high NASA councils.

However, Senator Anderson is widely acknowledged to be a lame duck. For several years now New Mexicans have expected that at any moment the Senator, who has not been well, might resign. At first it was thought that he was waiting only for a Democrat to be elected governor, so that a Democrat would be named to succeed him in the Senate. That time came in January but the Senator still held his seat. However, his term ends in 1972 and he is not expected to try for another. That may blunt his influence in the political infighting that will finally determine the shuttle site.

One high NASA official triggered an uproar in late February when he said the selection of a shuttle port site, expected early this year, might be put off for another four years. This was read by many as a thinly veiled move to

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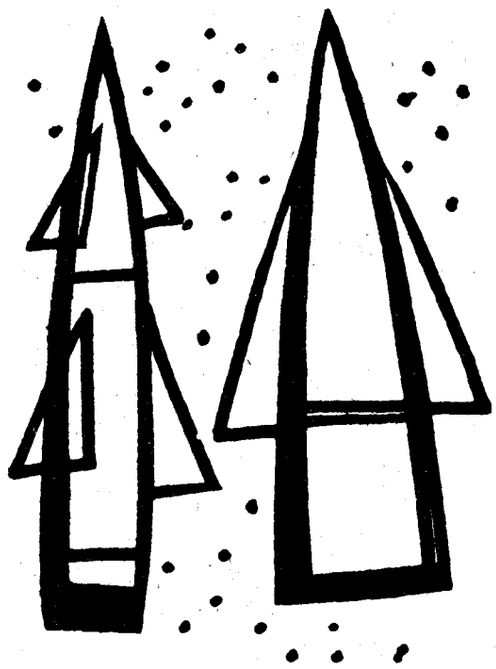
assure that the Kennedy Space Center would land the facility. In four years it would be too late to put it anywhere else, since the first shuttles are scheduled to fly in 1977. It was also seen as an effective way to skirt the mountain of political space influence that is Clinton Anderson. He won't be a factor in four years. NASA officials immediately denied the decision would be delayed.

California, by contrast to New Mexico, has more political hands than any other single state. Its Congressional delegation outmans New Mexico's 40 to 4. And one of the forty—Rep. George P. Miller—is chairman of the House Aeronautics and Space Committee. Also, the President of the United States has California roots. But aside from them, there is no Californian nearly as powerful in space considerations as the lone Senator from New Mexico.

Oklahoma jumped into the shuttle race late, in a state of the state message from its outgoing Republican Governor, Dewey Bartlett, in early January. But it weighed in with some strong political talent—Speaker of the House Carl Albert and Rep. Tom Steed, a veteran of the House Appropriations Committee. And it entered with no lack of confidence. Its politicians were predicting from the start that its chances of landing the shuttle were 70 to 30.

New Mexico has been after the prize longer and worked at it harder than any other state. Two of its towns at the edge of the White Sands Missile Range, Alamogordo and Las Cruces, have allied with nearby El Paso, Tex., to pursue the shuttle. The three cities raised $50,000 among them in private funds to finance the drive.

To understand the shuttle politics of New Mexico it is necessary to look at a seemingly unrelated, but parallel development. For several years New Mexico, Texas and the Mexican state of Chihuahua, have halfheartedly dickered for a port of entry at Anapra, situated in New Mexico near the border of all three states. The Anapra site abuts El Paso and lies just over the border from Mexico. But even more pointedly, it also lies within the triangle of cities bidding for the space shuttle.



As the politicking for the space shuttle picked up momentum in the opening days of 1971, so suddenly did the interest in Anapra. As soon as the New Mexico legislature convened in Santa Fe last January, Democratic U.S. Sen. Joseph Montoya, whose interest had been lukewarm in the past, visited the new Democratic Governor of the state, Bruce King. The subject of their talk: Anapra. Suddenly it was a hot issue and Senator Montoya, a wealthy New Mexico landholder as well as a United States Senator, is pushing it hard. Anapra would be the only large port of entry in the entire area, and it is obvious that a space shuttle project that generated 45,000 jobs and pumped $14 billion into the local economy would make it a gold mine.

About the same time that Senator Montoya came to Santa Fe, eager to talk about Anapra, the Governor was appointing his own nephew, David King, to a post in the state planning department with special responsibility for Anapra. Moreover, Montoya's former aide, Tony Anaya, a capable administrator, is now Bruce King's administrative assistant.

Also, soon after the Senator's visit, the Governor requested a $50,000 appropriation to support the Texas-New Mexico bid for the space shuttle port. "New Mexico," Governor King said, "could well win the battle of technicians, but lose the war of political influence. By joining with the state of Texas, New Mexico would be giving up little in exchange for the full support of the Governor of Texas and the entire Texas Congressional delegation." Governor King is also aware that a third of the members of the NASA committee that will pick the shuttle site come from Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center.

Doubtless, two other, nonpolitical factors will play some role in deciding which state finally plays host to the shuttle:

(*1*) Facilities, which is another way of saying cost. To build a space shuttle port from bare land to finished facility would require $1.5 billion. The better equipped and instrumented a site already is, the better its chances. That favors Florida's Kennedy Space Center. It is already so heavily instrumented that a completely finished shuttle port would cost only another $87 million.

(2) Location. A shuttle port is not much like a normal airport. It must be away from heavy population centers, facing out on a great deal of either open land or open ocean. Furthermore, altitude makes a difference. The higher the site, the easier—and cheaper—it will be to lift the shuttle free of the earth's gravitational pull. One estimate has it that the space shuttle will gain a pound of payload for each foot of elevation. This factor favors the high inland sites and puts sea-level Florida and California at a disadvantage.

All the screening of sites for the space shuttle facility is going on under the eye of Robert Curtin, director of NASA's office and facilities in Washington. But in the end neither facilities, location, nor Curtin will decide the issue. All of them will fall in behind politics and the politicians. □

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REVOLT OF THE THINKING CLASS

REIN TAAGEPERA
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The French and American student revolts of the spring of 1968 may have marked the beginning of a new major phase in world history. The banner of social revolt passed from the hands of the working class. By comparison with the New Left, orthodox Communists suddenly looked like champions of the *status quo*. Grievances of a new type were voiced by people who had been thought to be among the most privileged of the society. All this happened at a time when the "second industrial revolution" was supposed to usher us into a smoothly organized post-industrial "technetronic" age. But perhaps we should have expected social trouble of a new sort as soon as we recognized that a second industrial revolution was under way. Technological revolutions in the past have always brought social disturbances.

A major technological breakthrough, one that alters the society's mode of production, will also affect its social structure. Jobs become obsolete; jobs of a new type are created. New major occupational groups eventually turn into a new social class. But there is no empty niche waiting for the new class in society's privilege structure. It must struggle to gain a share of power commensurate with its share of services.

Since the Middle Ages, the Western world has already gone through it twice. A "commercial revolution" (which included the discovery of America) vastly expanded the role of the bourgeoisie and produced social frictions which peaked in the French Revolution. A few centuries later, the Industrial Revolution created the industrial working class and produced social frictions which peaked in the Russian Revolution. Now a second industrial revolution may be creating the new class of lifelong scholars and may precipitate social frictions peaking in a third major revolution.

A study of the salient features of the two earlier revolutionary cycles could help us map the present one, and perhaps soften its impact.

The commercial revolution, which lasted from the 15th century to the 18th century, consisted of a large-scale introduction of non-local goods, made possible by improved means of transportation and great geographic discoveries; by the creation of extensive manual workshops, and by the relaxation of internal trade restrictions. This "trade explosion" boosted the cities and resulted in a "post-agricultural" society. The occupational group which most profited from the change was the "trading people," i.e., the bourgeoisie. In England, the noble establishment satisfied its demand for a share of power with relatively little disturbance, but in France and later in Germany (1848) violent conflicts developed. The trading people won in France and lost in Germany. Yet the long-range results everywhere involved compromise between the bourgeoisie and the nobility.

The Industrial Revolution, which lasted from the 18th century to the 20th century, consisted of a general introduction of non-muscle power, initially in the form of steam engines. Application of this power to textile and other machinery resulted in a "manufacturing explosion." A new landscape of factories and workers' dwellings emerged and formed the core of the new industrial society. A totally new occupational class was created—the industrial labor that soon started to consider itself as the "working people" par excellence. Pitted against a bourgeois-noble establishment, industrial labor achieved an early compromise in England, was beaten down in the Paris Commune in 1871, and was declared the victor in the Russian October Revolution. Yet the long-range outcome was again a compromise in all countries. During the 1968 student revolt, French labor showed that it had been co-opted by the Establishment in spite of the Paris Commune, and Djilas and the others have convincingly documented the emergence of a Soviet pseudo-bourgeoisie.

The third major technological revolution of modern times is taking place now. It involves the introduction of non-brain control devices. Despite a steady flow of new technology throughout the 19th and 20th centuries, the novelty of recent developments in electronics, computers and cybernetics is widely recognized. Although it has been called a "second industrial revolution," it is not leading to a "super-industrial" society but rather to a "post-industrial" one in which man's involvement with the industrial process will decrease, although investment and output may increase. Accordingly, Brzezinski has coined a new term—technetronic—to designate the current technological revolution.

The social activity most boosted by the technetronic revolution is the formal schooling of adults. Following the earlier trade explosion and manufacturing explosion, we now have an education explosion. Instead of going into productive activities by the age of 15 or 20, young people tend more and more to stay in school until they are 25 and even much older. Fifteen years ago the Swedish sociologist, Segerstedt, predicted the coming of a "schooling society" where people would spend more of their adult lives in preparation for production than in actual production. The technetronic society will be the schooling society. For an appreciable fraction of the population, universities will become a way of life, with graduate studies flowing smoothly into teaching and research. Others will return to school periodically, to avoid professional obsolescence. The majority of these people will not study the electronic core subjects of the technetronic age, but many of them will use computers as tools.

A new landscape of universities and research centers may be rising to complement the landscape of factories and trade cities. The shift from production to schooling is expressed by the road signs on American superhighways: they show very few factory names, but the names

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of universities and even junior colleges appear everywhere.

The major occupational group boosted by the technetronic revolution are those who teach and those who study and do research. By analogy with the term "working people" for industrial labor the new groups could be called the "thinking people." (This does not mean that other people do not work and think!) The thinking people will include many specialists who fit into neither the labor nor the management category. As their numbers increase, their interests increasingly diverge from those of the bourgeois-labor establishment. Their grievances are manifold, confused and often contradictory. Students realize that they are adults who are being treated like children. Scientists discover that they have less job security than does organized labor.

Protests of a new type started in 1968 in France and the United States. In a few years they spread from Mexico to Turkey, from Italy to Finland. Often labeled the New Left, these protesters are frequently as critical of Communist establishments as of the Western ones. The new protest was at first supported mainly by students. It looked like a Luddite protest of those afraid to enter the technetronic age. Science and engineering students were comparatively quiet, largely because they endured heavy workloads in expectation of well-paying jobs. The society was indeed generous to those in the van of the technetronic revolution, and engineers overwhelmingly condemned the student revolts. But that was two or three years ago, before the massive layoffs of scientists and engineers had begun.

> Yes, I am to be laid off in a few weeks because of poor profits, and profits are the responsibility of management and I am not part of the management. But, oh I would like to be. . . . For the past twenty years I have been shoved, pushed around, taken advantage of, and worked, and worked hard under less capable people. . . .
>
> Now, after so many years, I know what the young people are concerned about when they speak of the "Establishment." And I know now also that I have full confidence in these same young people to run the world in years to come.

These are excerpts from a letter that Joseph A. Folse, a 45-year-old chemist, wrote recently to *Chemical and Engineering News*. His plight is typical of what many thinking people are now experiencing. They used to think that they were part of the establishment. When times got hard they found that they were not—and never had been. Now, they realize that they always were "shoved and pushed around," and they discover bonds with the dissenting students. In the span of only a few years, I observed a change of attitude among the scientists at an industrial laboratory where I was working as a research physicist. They once looked upon their experiments as being their own, and if some demonstrators had tried to destroy the facilities, the scientists would have fought them. Today, most of them would stand aside and let the demonstrators and management fight it out, with some laboratory assistants, perhaps, playing the hard-hat role.

Are dissatisfied students, scholars and engineers truly a new social class? The term "new class" has been used to cover many different groups in the last fifteen years. For Djilas, it was the managerial elite of the Communist countries, which might also be described as an old bourgeois class re-emerging in a somewhat modified form. Arthur Waskow of the Institute for Policy Studies sees the bureaucracy as a new class, which in its turn produces "its own opposite" in the form of the student movement. In reversed sequence, Brzezinski sees a new class of dissatisfied intellectuals goading a new Right of technocrats into a total take-over. An interesting intermediate position is taken by the Soviet Estonian philosopher, Gustav Naan. In his view the tiny ruling class (about 2 per cent of the population) and the somewhat larger proletarian class (about 30 per cent) play only a regulatory role between two antagonistic though equally useful major "layers": the bureaucrats and the intellectuals. Bureaucracy is a conservative and stabilizing role; intellectuals are anticipatory and renovating. Since bureaucrats usually keep the upper hand, "the intellectuals are becoming the most exploited social stratum" at the very time when "the gray matter of the brain has become the world's most important raw material." While ostensibly dealing with the West, Naan's analysis applies to the Soviet Union as well.

All these views might be brought under a common denominator, if one were to distinguish three components, instead of two: intellectuals, technologists and bureaucrats. If the latter two join, Brzezinski's invincible technocracy results. If the first two join, all the "gray matter" is combined against the bureaucracy. In my view, the technologists and the non-technological intellectuals have enough in common to form jointly the dissatisfied new "thinking class" of the technetronic schooling society. As with earlier class revolts, there may be infighting among various fractions of the new class. Dissatisfaction with the existing order may vary widely from one segment of the thinking class to another. A large fraction may oppose the revolt, and may be branded "class traitors" by those who end up in arms. Leadership of the revolt may even be assumed by non-members of the thinking class, as the upper-middle-class Marx and the petty noble Lenin assumed the leadership of the labor revolt. Differing and even conflicting demands may be made. But the basic drive behind the revolt will be the need to redistribute social power in favor of the thinking people.

I have expounded the preceding systematics of technological-social revolutions in more detail in the *Queen's Quarterly*, Spring 1971. Technetronic society adds a new layer to the Marxian cake, on top of the bourgeois and labor layers. Marx did a remarkable job of systematizing technological-social revolutions, when one considers that he had to work from information based on only one and a half cycles—the complete commercial revolution and half of the industrial one. Having now two and a half cycles behind us, we should be able to do even better than Marx.

Marx assumed that the second revolutionary cycle would be the last one, to be followed by an eventless era of communism. With the third technological revolution clearly under way, we would have to add at least another cycle. And why should the third be the last? Further technological revolutions can be expected. The technetronic revolution consists of a large-scale introduction of non-

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brain control devices. The following revolution may consist of a large-scale introduction of non-brain rational creativity, and result in a new artist class that revolts against a labor-intellectual establishment. In this aspect, the theory of long social cycles is more pessimistic than that of Marx —I fear mankind will never reach a peaceful, eventless haven, Communist or other.

However, I am considerably more optimistic than Marx as to the amount of bloodshed that must be expected during any of the revolutionary cycles. The French and the Russian Revolutions stand out precisely because they were the only ones that ran red with blood. In most countries a compromise was struck before class frictions developed into an all-out class war of the type predicted by Marx. Once we grasp the basic mechanism of technological-social revolutions, we would be in an even better position to avoid class war.

The American New Left is itself partly aware of its position as a shock troop for a new class. Many of the radicals are halfway between the old and the New Left. Like the French dissident Communist, Garaudy, they envisage an alliance of equals between labor and student revolutionaries. But others are ready to dump labor, in view of its evident establishment character in America

today. "Does the white 'middle-class' New Left constitute the embryonic beginnings of a class-for-itself?" asks C. Oglesby in the introduction to his *New Left Reader*. He concludes it does:

> The factory of the post-industrial state is the multiversity. Students are the new working class. . . . Students constitute the beginning of a new historical class. . . . The new class (unnamed and no doubt at this point unnameable) repudiates in part and in part carries forward the proletarian culture in much the same way that the proletariat both absorbed and transcended bourgeois culture.

Oglesby is unable to name the new class largely because he tries to carry too much "proletarian culture" into his concept of the new class. Instead of calling the thinking class the new working class, and comparing universities to factories, one could also call them the new bourgeois class trading in ideas rather than in goods. Like the bourgeoisie during its revolutionary period, the thinking class is an active minority; it is not a mass class like industrial labor. In opposition to labor's emphasis on more social control over the individual, the thinking people's ideology will probably stress less regulation. "Doing one's own thing" is more akin to the early bourgeois *"laissez faire"* than to the proletarian "be united!"

The perspective of radical New Leftists is also limited by their commitment to the revolution as a goal desirable in itself. While they recognize that labor is not going to be the last revolutionary class, they refuse the evidence that compromise has historically been the final outcome of all class wars, regardless of who was the nominal victor.

How does the Soviet Union look upon the thinking class? Its position is, if anything, more difficult than that of the Western Establishments. After years of Marxist agitation, almost every Western Establishment has become used to being on the receiving end of popular revolts, and methods have been devised to cope with them. But the Soviets are accustomed to having young radicals flock to their banner from every quarter. They now realize that the new radicals are against them as well as against the capitalists. As far as radical innovation is concerned, they are rapidly joining the nobility and the bourgeoisie in their own "dustbin of history." Being versed in Marxism, the Soviet leaders vaguely realize the class nature of the revolt of the intellectuals, but they cannot afford to acknowledge it. Taking Garaudy's views as a pretext, the Soviet official press has repeatedly published declarations such as "The intelligentsia is of course not a class."

The New Left not only confuses the Soviets and spoils the activities of their Western old Left allies; it also seeps into the Soviet empire. The Polish philosopher, L. Kolakowski, who was expelled from the Communist Party in 1966, is recognized as one of their own by the American New Left. Czechoslovakia's Husak regime has asserted that a Czech student opposition group was inspired by West German new leftist, Rudi Dutschke, and a Soviet newspaper actually published an article which described the whole Czech spring 1968 as "an anarchist revolution of the educated" against the working class. Regardless of the truth of such assertions, it is a fact that Hungary and other East European countries harbor "ultra-leftist" groups who admire Ho Chi Minh and Che Guevara rather than the standard Soviet heroes. In a move similar to the hippie movement which preceded political radicalism in America, many East European youths are "opting out" of the society, and the phenomenon has penetrated the Soviet Union itself.

According to the Soviet Estonian press a whole crop of young poets is associated in the public mind with long hair, and its activities have been branded by some as "the local variety of the hippie movement." Isolated cases of an "ultra-leftist" Che Guevara cult can also be observed in Estonia. This non-Russian republic may be ahead of the rest of the Soviet Union in New Left manifestations because of its high level of education and industrialization. Other signs of a new unrest among the Soviet intellectuals

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would not qualify as New Left by Western standards, but may be part of the rise of the thinking class, modified by the specific conditions prevalent in the Soviet Union. Sakharov's memoranda are a prime example of this phenomenon. In contrast to the Western New Left of the students, it could be called the "New Left of the Academicians."

Thus, the rise of the thinking class is a worldwide phenomenon. As far as the United States is concerned, student agitation will not fade away, but will extend to older groups of scholars and technologists. In particular, it will survive the end of the war in Vietnam, and will not depend on the outcome of racial strife. The most important problem facing national leaders will be how to avoid large-scale violence.

The first requirement would be to recognize that a serious revolutionary potential exists. The best strategy might be to combine early and drastic reforms in favor of the thinking people with early and drastic suppression of any extralegal protest. Suppression without reforms will not do. □

JAPAN'S WAY WITH PROTEST

ALBERT AXELBANK

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Tokyo

On April 28—"Okinawa Day" some 10,000 riot police were on duty in Tokyo alone, with 15,000 more standing by, as more than 80,000 citizens demonstrated in favor of Okinawa's return to Nippon—without such U.S. military trappings as nuclear warheads, poison gas and various "spook" units. Against the huge anti-government demonstrations ("demos" to the Japanese) of the postwar era, the riot police, or *"kidotai"* have proved to be well-disciplined shock troops. They are tough and very efficient.

I have watched many times as they mobilized against radical students, giving no quarter and showing no mercy as they knocked down those they could catch. More than once I had to jump fast as a squad of *kidotai* galloped down the street, sweeping the area with a long, 8-foot-high nylon net, trying to catch stray students who ran about like scared mice. I also watched students hurl stones and chunks of concrete at police who hid behind large duraluminum shields.

So far the riot police have never needed help, but the ground Self-Defense Force (SDF), Japan's modern and rapidly expanding army, has stood in the background, well trained in riot control, just in case. One reason why it is kept back is that it lies under a legal shadow, its status in the "anti-war" Constitution being questionable.

But the Establishment is now looking to the future. At the end of 1972 the Defense agency will form forty "guard regiments," or 1,500 men each to total 60,000 reserves in all of Japan's prefectures. Their purpose, says the agency, is to "give behind-the-lines support to SDF units, but also to maintain law and order in emergencies." They would be roughly similar to the U.S. National Guard.

The riot police are now often in evidence in the city, at vital junctions or guarding important buildings, dressed in dark-blue uniforms and with visored helmets, shields, tear gas guns or long batons. Often they sit waiting in dozens of parked gray vans, some of which have no windows. Their assault gear includes high-pressure water cannon, bulldozers, ladder trucks and steel-frame corridors. These

latter can be fitted together to form a long tunnel through which riot police can move safely.

Not long ago I witnessed riot police lay siege to a university building held by a few hundred students. Police used tear gas including liquid gas dropped on top of the building by a helicopter. However, the *kidotai* seemed in no hurry to storm the building, thus holding down injuries to police and students. The students had Molotov cocktails and bricks. Deaths are rare, even in violent demonstrations. Top *kidotai* officers are often sent overseas to observe how others control riots.

In the mammoth 1960 anti-security pact "demos," one co-ed lost her life. In 1967, when radical students tried to block the Prime Minister's departure from Tokyo International Airport for Saigon, another student died after allegedly being struck by a police car. Several riot policemen have also been killed during violent encounters over the past few years.

Very serious emergencies may arise in Japan over these matters: a ruling party decision, not yet taken, to prepare for a new Constitution, including a people's referendum; a decision to send SDF troops abroad, or to test nuclear weapons somewhere. Bigger than ever anti-government forces would probably gather, perhaps including the first call-out of SDF riot squads. That would be a time of real danger. A grim forecast is contained in these words by an SDF officer: "The question of whether or not we will point our guns at our own people when mobilized to maintain peace and order is too sentimental. Once we are ordered into action, we will not retreat." □

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EARLY BOOK ON '72

CALIFORNIA'S MAD MIX

MARY ELLEN LEARY
Miss Leary is a California journalist.

San Francisco

Like those little red flags run up in port cities to warn fishermen and the masters of small craft that high winds approach, certain widely understood signals show when California politics is coming to a boil. One of these is Sam Yorty, the irrepressible, suntanned Mayor of Los Angeles. When things begin to stir, Sam is off and running. For something; anything. This time, it's the White House.

Just when California gave promise of starting a new political era [see Leary: "The Democratic New Guard," *The Nation,* March 8] with fresh Democrats at the legislative helm and the minorities and the young translating their sense of injustice into the kind of teamwork that won Berkeley's city election, seating self-proclaimed "radicals" on the city council and putting a youthful black expert on poverty law in as mayor, along comes gravel-voiced, 60-year-old Sam Yorty, grinning and proferring a Presidential aspirant's handshake to the bewildered natives of Manchester, N. H., who had never heard of him before. He is living proof that politics in the Golden State will be as mad a mix in 1972 as it has been in the past.

The entry of Hubert H. Humphrey in the Presidential sweepstakes further insures a Democratic free-for-all in California. Old-timers like ex-Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown, or the San Franciscans Ben Swig and Walter Shorenstein, who had resigned themselves to letting "New Politics," whether fashioned in Maine or the Middle West, run the world, now have started taking the mothballs out of their pockets and are recalling their warm friendship with the former Vice President and most recent national party leader. Not yet signed on with Edmund Muskie or any other candidate, they enjoy a vicarious rejuvenation in observing Hubert Horatio's bounce. If the earlier primaries should disclose a decided split over the Democratic choice, Senator Humphrey might make his comeback in California's fateful June 1972 vote.

No seer will predict today that the wrath of young people over Vietnam and the wrath of minorities over ghetto existence and unemployment will produce a strong Democratic majority vote for a resolute liberal among the Presidential pacers next June. The indignant factions may be so split that a "safe" moderate will carry the state's primary. The disconcerting fact is that the signs that high principle might guide California Democrats into a conscience vote next year, and show the nation the way toward new standards of governance, are becoming seriously diffused. Conventional party platitudes and conventional party jousting for place threaten to swamp the green and promising shoots the young have been sending forth.

Next year's California primary is sure to rival past elections for pyrotechnics. Democrats aim to open their slate, Oregon-style, for all recognized Presidential aspirants, who will run as individuals, unencumbered at that point by delegate slates. The delegation will be chosen later. In the move for a wide-open primary and other grass-roots party reform, California Democrats staged a mid-May state convention aspiring to make the party more responsive to minority wishes down to the precincts. Such laws may get written, but at this point the candidates look alarmingly like men seeking the easy majorities which lie near the middle. In a primary grab bag, a pugnacious perennial like Yorty can prove quite a spoiler. He can attract half a million or so voters from the Right.

In California, it isn't too early to speculate on 1972. The preliminaries got under way this month. Every major Democratic Presidential possibility is set to speak during May and early June at a series of tardy Jefferson-Jackson Day fund raisers. In this "look us over" period, news stories focus on the visitations to the West Coast of Senators Muskie, McGovern, Bayh, Hughes, Jackson and Humphrey. The California State Democratic organization, in the confident grip of busy Charles Manatt, has established a cohesive format for parading every candidate.

But if the news is on these candidates, watchful of their public impact and the favor they get from as yet unaligned party leaders, the action now is on the campuses. Many efforts to encourage registration of the 18-year-olds are in progress. The Democrats are wooing the young with rock concerts and hip musicals. Common Cause, Front Lash '70, NAACP and others are working to "turn on" the young for politics. If they can be mustered to the polls, they will represent another million votes in California (11 million nationally). Some youth seekers are analyzing the census reports, to track them where they live. Others have wangled registrars onto campuses, along with conventional "cause" tables. The working young get leaflets at the factory gates. Banners in the streets exhort: "Vote, Man! So register first."

Republicans are not quite as eager or as early to invite the young. Gov. Ronald Reagan voiced some doubts about their "maturity" when the legislators on April 20 approved the 18-year-old vote, California being the twentieth state to do so. Former GOP state chairman, Dennis Carpenter, now a state Senator, voted against the measure.

Nevertheless, the young have made the scene in California politics. Manatt was eloquent on the recent results in Berkeley and elsewhere, claiming to be encouraged because "people of more liberal persuasion have been put into office in so many city and school district elections" and because "the degree of alienation from participation in politics seems decidedly less." Democrats, he said, invite all ranges of opinion, and are unafraid of those tagged "radical." "We are not playing 'king of the mountain.' We welcome Democrats of all persuasions."

Berkeley is offered as proof that the post-1968 disgust with all parties and all politics, the Battle of Chicago cyn-

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icism, has given way to a serious youth movement into politics. The political fervor now spilling off college campuses is determined, tough and well-timed; clearly an outgrowth of the anti-Cambodian protests. The discipline necessary to establish a slate and stick with it, to focus campaigning around specific practical issues and to do the tedious legwork of electioneering was proved at Berkeley, first with the November victories by Rep. Ronald V. Dellums and Assemblyman Kenneth Meade, and now with the gains in the City Council. "Berkeley is five years ahead of the rest of the country," said Mrs. Ilona Hancock, one of the three members of the liberal-radical coalition who won council seats.

It is important to recognize that coalition politics is what won in Berkeley; it was a careful, deliberate, cooperative venture involving young university students, mostly at the graduate level, and politically experienced young blacks. The three outspoken "radicals" who have taken office, plus one strong liberal and the new 33-year-old black Mayor are urging practical caretaking projects as, for example, stricter code enforcement in run-down rental property; child care centers; better rehabilitative care for drug users; stricter pollution control; an income tax to replace property taxes, and, above all else, imaginative steps to bring police into a more sympathetic relationship with the free-swinging Berkeley style of life.

Despite some revolutionary overtones in their initial meetings they were soon snared in the same difficulties other administrations have experienced; raucus dissent at city meetings ("Can't you be quiet and let us think?" Mrs. Hancock asked) and their first riot, a commemorative "People's Park" May 15th hassle during which they were conspicuously absent. While police made arrests and some injuries were suffered, Mayor Warren Widener and new Councilman Ira Simmons were attending a distant conference. Simmons conceded they might have "cooled" the outbreak, since the demonstrators included some of their supporters, but Berkeley's city manager noted that the new council "has no more control over street people than past councils." Few UC students or Berkeley blacks participated. The outbreak was fomented by young white radicals. It was an inauspicious start toward the reform that the new group hopes to bring to police tactics in Berkeley, in the wake of the defeat of the police "community control" proposal intended to subject police to neighborhood rule [see "The Berkeley Scheme: Neighborhood Police" by Jerome H. Skolnick, *The Nation,* March 22].

The Berkeley election sent a ripple through all segments of California. If the liberals and radicals can play the coalition game, so can conservatives. They are out to build, at the local government level, nonpartisan alliances against radicalism.

But the objective factor that will most affect California politics in coming months is the state's unemployment crisis. It is far more serious than anywhere else, apart from Washington State, both states being exceptionally dependent on federally funded aerospace and defense manufacturing, which has been sharply cut back. The question is whether unemployment will draw labor into the coalition politics which blacks and the college students have proved to be viable. It is notable that in Los Angeles, where a legislative seat will be determined in a special election on June 22, young people have linked up with labor. This move, labeled "Operation Frontlash," amounts to another trial run for coalition.

It is a critical contest. Democrats hold the state Senate by a *minimum majority*, 20 to 19. They need to win the seat vacated when Democrat George Danielson moved on to Congress in January, in order to prevent a 20-to-20 deadlock that would allow the GOP lieutenant governor to cast his vote. The matter is particularly important in this reapportionment year. Although the district in question is overwhelmingly Democratic and about 20 per cent Mexican-American, special elections in California function without party alignment, and Republicans have shown themselves adroit at winning them.

The California legislature, now narrowly led by Democrats and grappling with problems of immense importance to thoughtful Californians, has not brought to a focus any issue that captures public attention. Perhaps accomplishment is too much to expect at a time of reapportionment, but the Democrats are so diffuse in leadership and so scattered in their targets that they have permitted Governor Reagan to dominate the political scene.

Indeed, Governor Reagan's impact reaches beyond California. The threat of his popularity among right-wing Republicans seems to push President Nixon more and more in that direction, an effect apparent when the President, addressing Republican governors this spring, discarded the tone of compassion with which he was wont to discuss welfare and turned instead to a hostile attack on welfare "cheaters." Why not? Governor Reagan has proved the political appeal of that line. Republican Rep. Paul N. McCloskey of San Mateo has proffered himself as a symbolic alternative to President Nixon on the Left, but unless the war in Vietnam gets finished fast, Governor Reagan looms as the likely gainer from any "Dump Nixon" movement.

Dissemble interest in the Presidency though he does, Reagan keeps being mentioned among Southern Republicans; one GOP volunteer group in Nixon's own state, United Republicans of California, came close on May 2 to voting official disapproval of the President for excessive liberalism, at a time when he was sunning himself in his California White House. Their members openly prefer Reagan.

Far from embarrassing Reagan, such expressions enhance his subtle power. He continues to insist, smilingly, that he is committed to the President, and to leading a California delegation pledged to Nixon. Out of that commitment, he has already finagled some bargains. One

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appears to have been White House agreement to the welfare restrictions he wants to impose in California; another, tolerance for his vetoes of the anti-poverty program. And the White House seems to be launching him as candidate for the U.S. Senate against the incumbent Democrat, Alan Cranston; President Nixon has announced that Governor Reagan will make an official tour of Japan in the fall, a traditional prep course in foreign affairs for Senatorial candidates.

The strategy of Sam Yorty, the Democrats' own opposition on the Right, is to be a maverick among Democrats, always odd man out. As a hawk, he has flown circles around Senator Jackson. He scented the Communist menace long before Nixon was on to it, originating California's Un-American Activities Committee. Through this common concern he was led in 1960 to endorse Nixon over John F. Kennedy, cementing a friendship that has persisted. He noted on that occasion that Italy, where Catholics dominate, also incubates Communists. The phrase "soft on communism" gets heavy use in every Yorty campaign; it was tossed about in New Hampshire to test if it would work again this year.

To most Democrats, Yorty is a nonsense candidate. His Presidential ambitions, unlike Congressman McCloskey's risky challenge, seem personal, not principled, though he sternly disapproves of liberalism among Democrats. Yet the fact is that Yorty, in and out of office since 1937, has a tenacious grip on some Democratic voters. At the highest levels, Democratic officials in California don't consider his venture funny at all.

Yorty, thrice elected Mayor of Los Angeles (most recently with an outrageously racist appeal), delights in challenging fellow Democrats. He beat James Roosevelt for the mayoralty. He set up Governor Brown for defeat in 1966 by challenging the Governor in the Democratic primary and scoring an incredible 900,000 votes against him. He has tangled with party favorites in successive U.S. Senate races. He sashayed into the gubernatorial lists again last year against Jess Unruh. He did less well, but his style of scolding the "Lefties," alarming the Right and feinting with racism won him some 600,000 votes.

As Mayor of Los Angeles, Yorty has many powerful and wealthy allies. His present tenuous interest in the Presidency has been boosted by some men known for financing Democratic candidates in previous eras, including Charles Luckman, the architect, Edwin Pauley, the oil man, and Mark Boyer, the land developer. One of those customary $100-a-plate testimonials also helped. Yorty obviously won't make much of a mark in a New Hampshire primary, or in Nebraska (his native state), but where he just might spoil the chance for one strong Democrat to emerge as a genuine threat to President Nixon is in the California primary. With so many at the starting gate, that clump of voters he commands could destroy the man with the broadest appeal. Reagan the Republican may be something of a worry to Nixon, but the Democratic Sam Yorty is his sturdy ally. □

FARM EDUCATION

THE OBSOLETE DREAM MACHINE

LAUREN SOTH
Mr. Soth, editor of the editorial pages of the Des Moines Register and Tribune, *is the author of* Farm Trouble *(Princeton University Press) and* An Embarrassment of Plenty *(Thomas Y. Crowell).*

Agricultural education is the original American Dream Machine, designed to produce equal opportunity and prosperity for all. By training farm people in scientific methods and pumping new technology into agriculture, the farm educators reduced labor requirements, freeing large numbers of food producers for other work and helping to make the country rich. But now that the farm population is down to 5 per cent, from about 85 per cent in 1800 and 23 per cent in 1940, is it necessary to continue running the machinery of farm education at full speed?

You would think not. Even if more education is needed for each young farm person, it should be possible to reduce the teaching staff and establishment. But in fact the farm education establishment—from 4H Clubs and Future Farmers and Future Homemakers Clubs, on through high school and college and adult Extension Service activities—is larger than ever.

President Nixon's proposals for reorganizing the federal government offer a prospect for some change in education for rural areas, since what he has in view would include dismembering the Department of Agriculture and spreading its agencies and bureaus among four new departments. Professional farm leaders have reacted to this prospect with alarm, warning that farmers are about to lose "their" department and the very name of the 108-year-old institution. But they aren't really worried, for they know the power of the agricultural lobbies in Congress. The Agriculture Committees in House and Senate, long dominated by commercial agriculture and the farm business supply and processing industries, would have their power sundered by Mr. Nixon's fragmentation of USDA. So it is unlikely to happen—soon, that is.

In the next several years, however, a reshaping of the agricultural functions of government, and especially of agricultural science and education, is inevitable. The present huge USDA conglomerate is unmanageable and thoroughly out of phase with the farming industry and farming population. The agricultural education system provided equal educational opportunity for a long time, but now it is hopelessly inadequate and even a barrier to equal opportunity.

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Agricultural education has become a rock of "the Establishment"—indeed, it is an establishment in itself, which means privilege, favoritism, "papa knows best" and "preserve the system" at any cost. The inventiveness and daring of the leaders of the original farm education system have been subordinated to conventionality and "getting along."

American governmental measures to improve agriculture began in the noblest spirit of egalitarianism. Even before the Constitution was ratified, Americans took action to stimulate public education for farmers. The Land Ordinances passed by the Continental Congress set the pattern for future development—public education was to be encouraged in the opening up of the new lands. Later, the Land Ordinance of 1785 provided that one section of each township of the Western territory opened for settlement should be reserved for the maintenance of public schools.

In the early 19th century, farmers and workingmen of the cities combined in political agitation for public schools. They opposed a system under which children of the rich were able to attain superior education in private schools. Since America was primarily a nation of farmers, it was political logic—and sound economic policy—that the agreed policy for public education should be carried out with emphasis on agriculture.

The socialized system of public education was extended to the sponsorship of agricultural sciences and technology and to higher education. The Land Grant colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts that sprang up across the nation with federal aid after the Civil War were the world's first genuine people's universities. The same concentration on practical and vocational instruction pervaded the public high schools in rural areas. Federal funds that were made available for vocational agriculture teaching about the time of World War I encouraged the expansion of agricultural education.

The consequences of the massive drive for improved farming techniques in America have been profound. The efficiency of labor, land and capital in agricultural production improved slowly at first, but the cumulative effects of research and education hit with smashing power during World War II and have continued.

New machines and techniques reduced both the labor force and the land in cultivation. Nevertheless, total output continued to rise, and agriculture has been plagued by overcapacity and surplus production, with resultant low prices of farm products and low incomes for farm families. However, society as a whole has benefited richly from low-cost, abundant food and the manpower released for nonagricultural production. The disadvantaged in farming—those unable to participate fully in the technological revolution—have been left behind, stranded in poverty in rural areas or in the cities to which they fled in search of jobs.

Institutions of public education, from primary school to the state universities, have been lethargic in the face of these changes. Education in rural areas has plowed straight ahead, stressing training for farm jobs that are no longer available. It took 100 years to build up the full agricultural education establishment: the Land Grant agricultural colleges with their Extension Services and Experiment Stations, their courses in farm management and farm operations; the auxiliary institutions of the 4-H Clubs, county agricultural agents, experiment farms; the farm vocational departments of high schools, with their Future Farmers Clubs; Soil Conservation Districts, the Federal Soil Conservation Service, and so on.

Behind this impressive array of agencies, pushing agricultural education and development, stand the farm organizations, local chambers of commerce and the agricultural supply, processing, handling and distributing businesses—ready to furnish political support and money for agricultural research, education and rural youth activities.

Some university presidents and deans, social science professors and educational associations have for years been urging a de-emphasis of agricultural training and greater attention to general education or training for nonfarm vocations. Changes in this direction have been made, but few rural communities have yet reshaped their schools to serve the real needs of their young people—most of whom will inevitably live in cities and work at nonfarm jobs. Vocational agriculture instructor organizations, like any vested-interest group, defend their ground, arguing that vocational agriculture training is the best schooling, even for those who go into other kinds of work. One could as persuasively argue that education in retail merchandising is the best possible training for people who plan to farm.

The public schools in rural areas have long been inferior to those in urban areas—not just in vocational orientation but in all the criteria of education. Young people on farms and in small towns do not get an even break with city youngsters, and that is probably a greater cause of rural poverty than all the other factors combined. It is also, to some extent, caused by low farm incomes and is thus self-perpetuating. The absence of bargaining power that results in low farm income has been the main target of agricultural legislation for a half century, but legislation that would redirect and upgrade rural education probably could do more to alleviate rural poverty than direct income support programs have ever done.

Farm people themselves are partly to blame for their inferior schools. In the early days, farmers drove hard for good schools. As the country has industrialized and urbanized, farm communities often have lagged in support of quality schools. Rural areas held effective control of most state legislatures until the recent Supreme Court decisions required equal representation. Rural legislators retarded the modernization of their own schools, clinging to the traditional one-room school for years after it was obsolete; then preserving the small, 100-pupil high school (with its vocational agriculture teacher) far beyond its day. In nearly every state, farmers have resisted consolidation of schools into larger units.

Thus the Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote ruling is likely to be a major stroke for rural education. Enlightened city legislators are already doing for rural areas what those areas refused to do for themselves. Among other things, they are forcing small high schools to consolidate.

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Traditionalism and the idealization of rural life have thwarted an adaptive education which could help rural people maintain their earning power in a modern, industrialized society. Many people displaced by farm technology have been forced to stay in rural areas by lack of training for other work. This has lowered the general wage level. By allowing rural education to remain heavily oriented toward the traditional requirements of a farm community, rural political leaders often have contributed to community stagnation.

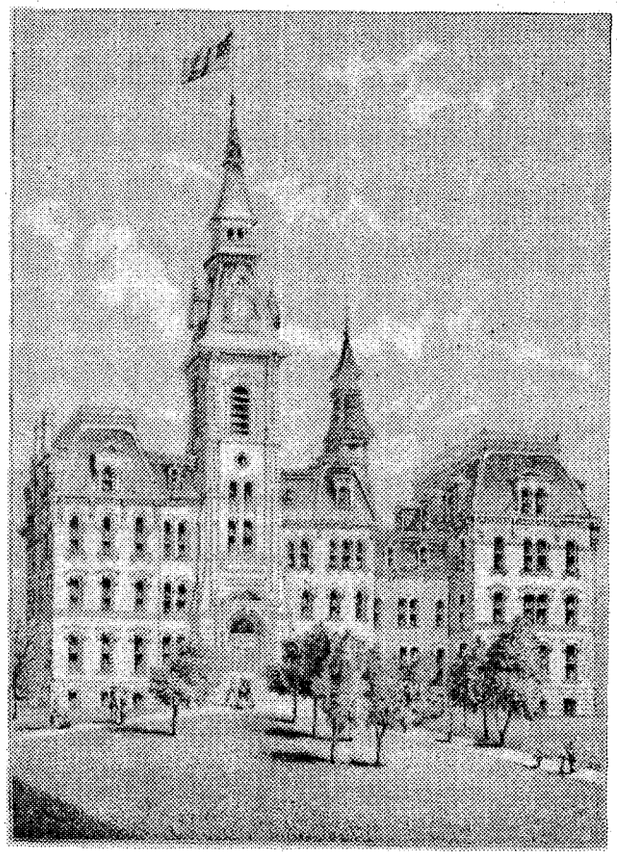
Probably the most backward area of the USDA-Land Grant College system is research. The power of farm and agribusiness pressure groups is such that Agricultural Experiment Stations continue to stress crop technology. Research in social sciences, in the study of rural community development and the problems of poverty, are sidetracked. Despite many fine pronouncements by in-house policy committees, virtually no change has occurred in the research "mix." The overwhelming weight is still thrown toward production efficiency—and the rural social problems created thereby are slighted.

A USDA and Land Grant University task force recommended in 1966 that "scientist man years" on "programs to improve the level of living of rural people" be increased from 215 in 1965 to 505 in 1972 and 575 in 1977. The task force report also urged large increases in research on consumer health, community services, environment and marketing. But, as projected, the total research of the USDA-State Experiment Stations in 1977 is to be 60 per cent on farm production (as against 64 per cent in 1965) and only 16 per cent on social problems as against 12 per cent in 1965.

A larger change has taken place in the Extension Services, and that is noteworthy, for they have been the reservoir of traditionalism and supplied the priesthood for the cult of the moral superiority of rural life. However, Extension has been confronted with a severe loss of recipients for its messages, and has been forced to look to the towns and cities for a new clientele. It is hard to justify more county agents, more staff in general, when the number of people to be served is falling off. Extension has managed it, and in this case there is merit to its strategy. Towns and cities have long been given less adult education than have the farm areas, and the circumstances which force agricultural extension services to broaden their bill of fare in order to appeal to urban dwellers are to the public advantage. There should be a dividend in it for farm people as well.

The most recent study report, "A People and a Spirit," by a joint committee of the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the National Association of State Universities and Land Grant Colleges, is a progressive, though cautious, document. The committee recommends that programs in social and economic development assistance to low-income farmers and marketers be expanded and that "the percentage of effort" in husbandry and production programs be reduced. It urges Extension to take advantage of the capability of commercial agricultural firms to supply part of the technological information.

One large benefit to Extension has been its legal separation from the Farm Bureau in the many states where this tie was maintained until after World War II. The local Farm Bureaus had been formed as a supporting arm of the Land Grant agricultural extension system in the World War I period. Long after it had become a state and national political pressure group and a business organization selling supplies to farmers, the Farm Bureau continued in close association with Extension in some states—receiving appropriations of public money, sharing offices with county agents and, naturally, dominating the policy and attention of the Extension Service. The divorce is gradually encouraging Extension to deal with the poor and the disadvantaged instead of with the elite of agriculture.



High School Building, Omaha

The most notorious shortcoming of public education in this country has been its failure to offer equal educational opportunity to minorities, and in this respect agricultural educational institutions have fallen even below the average. In many states, the federal-state agencies of education and technical assistance have been severely biased in their treatment of Negroes and Mexicans. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission has documented the condition and recommended correction.

The Nixon Administration, even more than its predecessors, seems willing to turn agriculture over to Southern control, with all that implies in racial and anti-poverty policies. The Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, chairman of the Civil Rights Commission, has said: "One of the major weaknesses in the . . . enforcement effort has been the passive role that many agencies have adopted

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in carrying out their civil rights responsibilities. . . . [They] rely on assurances of nondiscrimination . . . fail to make sufficient use of sanctions . . . have not instituted a sufficient number of lawsuits. . . ." That is an accurate but limited description of USDA performance in the civil rights field. Racial discrimination persists in the carrying out of all national agricultural programs.

The effects of racial discrimination in the agricultural activities of the federal government are made worse by a further bias in favor of the well-to-do over the poor. The two reinforcing biases—against the black and against the poor—occur especially in the South. This situation is not just the fault of the government administrators and employees who run the programs. Congress, with its agricultural committees dominated by Southerners, has fashioned the legislation and put pressure on the bureaucrats to preserve the disparity. Even in the field of agricultural education, the poor and the black get the short end of the stick.

Several steps toward greater racial equality in farm programs have been taken by the USDA since the Civil Rights Commission report was published, including more participation by Negroes in local committee elections. However, "Negro Extension" is still far inferior and less well financed than "white Extension." For example, a commission staff paper of June 1969, on "Equal Opportunity in the Mississippi Co-operative Extension Services," states: "A high degree of segregation characterizes 4-H Club work in Mississippi today. Of 1,911 clubs, only fourteen serve both white and Negro youth." The report points out that segregated 4-H Club camps are maintained and that proportionally twice as many white as Negro youths attend the camps.

Negro-white differentials in salaries for employees of the Co-operative Extension Services ranged in 1966 from an average of $455 per year for assistant county agents to $1,130 for associate agents. A USDA regulation in 1968 required that state Extension Services establish policy and set up procedures to put a stop to such discrimination. No report is available on what this regulation has accomplished.

The U.S. Department of Justice on August 6, 1970 joined in a suit to force the Auburn University Extension Service to desegregate education programs for youths and adults. Perhaps the Justice Department and the courts can accomplish enforcement of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and other laws requiring racial equality in the use of federal funds. USDA has been unable or unwilling to do so.

The predominantly Negro Land Grant colleges in the South badly need larger appropriations to upgrade faculty and facilities. Desegregation of public schools, which has been proceeding at far less than "all deliberate speed" in the South, is probably more advanced than the desegregation of agricultural higher education and Extension.

Rural America needs a rebirth of educational drive, to bring its schools up to the best quality reached in the cities. This requires more money—in fact, to achieve equal schools, far more money must be spent per pupil in country areas than in the cities. The money can come only from state and federal revenues, since property taxes already are near the limit that the farm business and rural area economy can bear. At the same time, centralization of small schools must be accelerated and good transportation must be provided to the central schools.

Specialized education in agriculture should be trimmed back in public schools and in Extension programs. Meanwhile, the development of junior colleges and vocational schools at the post-high school level may serve rural community education requirements better than did the old system. Such programs as are being developed in Iowa and North Carolina through area college-community schools merit wider application. □

VISIT TO MAO'S PAST

THE CAVES OF PAO-AN

LOIS WHEELER SNOW

Mrs. Snow is a member of the Actors Studio. Her Broadway credits include All My Sons, Dear Ruth *and* The Fifth Season. *With her husband, she visited the People's Republic of China from August through December, 1970.*

Pao-an, North Shensi

Tucked into the ancient mountains of Shensi Province, below the Great Wall in northwest China, the village of Pao-an was the gathering place for the Communist leaders at the end of the Long March. Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, Lin Piao, Chou En-lai, and many others were there. In the caves of Pao-an they found shelter and time to plan a comeback before moving on 100 kilometers east to Yenan. Little Pao-an, in centuries past a dusty frontier "stronghold" against nomadic invaders, thus played its own big role in recent Chinese history. From early 1935 to the end of 1936, its caramel-colored hills gave sanctuary to the Chinese Communist (Red) troops until they were transformed into what became the famous Eighth Route Army.

Except for those who struggled through the fight, this dot on the map is almost forgotten; it is practically unknown to the young generation of China. Its name has been changed to Chih-tan, in memory of the revolutionary martyr who set up the first Communist base in this, his home town. But Mao Tse-tung has not forgotten Pao-an. In one of its caves he wrote *Problems of Strategy in*

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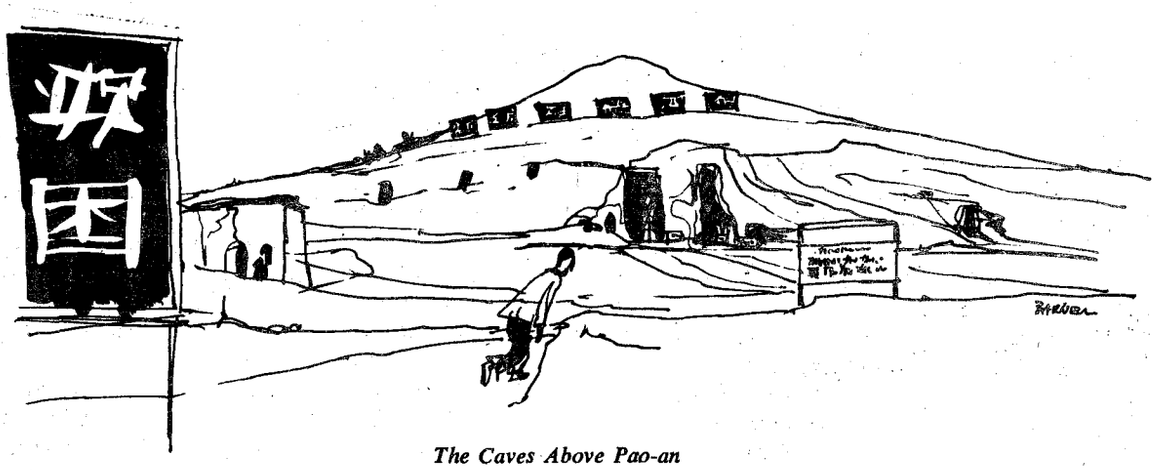

The Caves Above Pao-an

China's Revolutionary War and prepared Red Academy classroom lectures on the strategy and tactics to be followed in the coming national war against Japan. Here too, as Edgar Snow remembers, he composed and recited his memorable poem, "The Long March." In Pao-an Mao told his life story to Snow, then a young American journalist who had slipped into the forbidden area through an armed blockade to see for himself what "the Red Bandits" were doing. His reports at the time eventually resulted in *Red Star Over China,* a book that became part of Pao-an's history.

With this now not so young American journalist, recently I found myself in Pao-an—we two being the first foreign visitors to set foot there in thirty-four years. The village was a surprise to us, and we were a greater surprise to the local inhabitants. We stared at them; they stared at us. Little children ran away or hid behind a familial pant leg, to peek out with wide, round eyes. Slowly, our smiles produced shy smiles in response; proffered hands met eager ones stretched out to ours. Gradually we found a warm welcome amongst these farm folk living in the bygone refuge of the once-upon-a-time youthful Red Army of China.

In 1936 it had taken Edgar Snow three days of hiking across mountain trails and brush-filled valleys to reach Pao-an from Yenan. Together, we made the journey in three hours by car, over a road cut into the sides of precipitous earth and sandstone hills. The early morning drive was one of constant change and striking beauty. Willow fringed, the highway darted into a countryside green with corn, sweet potatoes, turnips and rice. Through villages lively with children en route to school, housewives busy with chores, shoppers crowding markets, late risers occupied with bowls and chopsticks on sunny stoops of tiny houses, the road began its tortuous way into landslide threatening hills of yellow loess. Mountaintops tumbled out onto purple mists; close up, along and above the road, cave homes looked upon this undulant vastness, their snugness contrasting with the immensity of land and sky.

Honeycombed into the fudgelike earth, peasant dwellings are fronted with wood-latticed windows and doors. Their "roofs" terminate abruptly under planted fields sprouting corn or sorghum, vines of golden squash dangling over front walls to mingle with prolific sunflowers the height of Jack's beanstalk. The still-life fairy tale scene is animated by pitch-black and snow-white goats placidly grazing on steeply angled slopes, and tended by a patch-panted boy or a figure of ancient face and wispy beard.

Below, a giant quilt of color covered the valley—late rice, jade green against golden millet; higher up, sorghum, silky brown against the buckwheat's purplish pink, and rising from the lowlands mile upon mile of planted hills, reached by painstakingly handmade terraces—millions of man-hours spent on soil reclamation that has turned scraggy wasteland into productive fields, until the skies above took notice and poured down an abundant reward unprecedented in these ancient barren mountains. The land-eating river, biting deeper and deeper into narrow canyons, is held in check by lately planted trees; fruit orchards flourish where formerly a wormy apple was a find.

A daily postal truck serves these remote mountain-crevice villages; radio and telephone bring news and music; "barefoot" doctors dispense medical aid and family planning; village schools teach Chinese A B Cs—and the thoughts of Mao Tse-tung—to youngsters whose parents could not write their names. Scarlet banners wave over irrigation projects and above teams of autumn harvesters. Chinese characters carved into hilltops and rock cliffs, or picked from the earthen walls flanking the road, proclaim "Serve the People!"; "Unite to win still further victories!"; "Long live the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution!" Tots in split pants (the Chinese answer to diapers) jumped excitedly at the sight of our traffic parade—two cars and one jeep—and shouted "Mao Chu-hsi wan-sui!" ("Chairman Mao 10,000 years!") as we drove past.

To visit Pao-an in company with men who had known its revolutionary heyday was to enter the pages of history. The town had survived bombing, strafing, pillage and enemy mutilation. The Revolutionary Committee which led us, on arrival, to steaming towels for dusty faces and hot tea for dry throats, included men who had been striplings at the end of the Long March. Born in this town of caves they well remember the event that changed their lives—the arrival of a new kind of army, manned by soldiers who believed in the dignity of labor

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and laboring people, and led by a man who said, "Of all things in the world, people are the most precious. Under the leadership of the Communist Party, as long as there are people, every kind of miracle can be performed."

Outside the crumbled town walls we shared a feast of apples, pears, grapes and enormous tomatoes with two towel-headed peasants and a veteran Long Marcher in charge of a beautifully tended orchard. Between munches, he retraced years of battle with the Red Army, down to the defeat of the Kuomintang and his eventual "retirement" to Pao-an's peaceful fruit trees. Far from inactive, he has experimented with a new system of irrigation that has added acres of land, and with grafting methods that have produced many varieties of apples. For the first time ever, the people are eating fruit to their hearts' content, and a surplus supplies distant markets.

For centuries this area of China was one of the very poorest, and it is still poor. Limited natural resources, lack of coal, a constant fight against the contour of the land and the violence of the weather keep villagers at work from dawn until past dusk every day. The result for them is a heretofore unknown plenty. Security and comfort have replaced war and famine. In 1936 Pao-an totaled about 100 people; today 600 families, more than 3,000 persons, make up this "county seat." Earlier, one teacher presided over Pao-an's ten pupils; now there are 400 students and eighteen teachers. A walk down the main street, lined with what must have been most of the 600 families out to see the "foreign guests," took us to a well-stocked general store: vegetables, fruits, tinned meat, cookies, bread, jam; children's tiny T-shirts printed with "Serve the People"; toys and unaccountably Western-looking dolls; shoes, jackets, pants, radios, electric supplies, sheets, towels, underwear, colored cloth, stationery materials, spices, sauces, beer, wine, cigarettes—all on sale under an illustrated wall poster on how to behave during a nuclear attack.

We passed a street market, a dentist's office, a drugstore and clinic, entered a book store (Mao Tse-tung, Marx, Lenin, novels and Peking operas) and a theatre, earth floored, equipped with a movie projector, and seats for more than 1,000. Local talent was rehearsing *The Red Lantern*, a model opera, for presentation on the next festival day.

People dressed in worn, patched clothes are shabby by some standards, but many an adult in the crowd could recall when a pair of pants and a coat comprised a family's entire wardrobe—the coat doubling as a blanket at night. Children are healthy, their bodies firm; no one lacks food. For a treat, a flavored ice popsicle is enjoyed by withered old gentlemen and women tottering on once-bound feet, as well as by young fry.

Huang Hua (recently appointed Ambassador to Canada from the People's Republic) was a student when he interpreted for Edgar Snow during some of the talks included in *Red Star Over China*. On their return to Pao-an together, the two men remembered long trips on foot, days of danger and discomfort, meals of watery gruel. At lunch around a table heaped with dishes made from local products, they laughed about "menus" past, when it was millet soup, millet noodles, millet gruel, but always millet. I thought of the relish with which George Hatem, the American doctor who spent years in this area treating peasants and soldiers, described a feast of dog meat he had been honored with on one special occasion—"darn good dog, it was," he said wistfully. We consumed quantities of delicious food; millet, too, and tasty to me, but then I'd never had it before—and buckwheat noodles, mutton, pork with green peppers, fresh cucumbers, green beans, squash, sweet potatoes and a golden omelet from new-laid eggs.

Mao Tse-tung's cave home, partially destroyed by both Japanese and Kuomintang bombing, has been restored; Huang Hua and my husband, who had spent many nights there with Mao, went over the reconstruction with village authorities. Curiosity overcoming timidity, other Pao-an citizens squeezed into the small space. Someone produced a much-handled Chinese edition of *Red Star*, and excitement mounted as photos and descriptions were analyzed. A brick *k'ang* (a bed), with charcoal heating, had been installed in the winter of 1935; the whitewashed walls had originally been exposed rock. The brick floor is the same Mao had trod, but an enlarged window now gives extra light. A chair and desk are placed where the Red leader burned candles as he talked or wrote through the nights. On one wall hangs a picture of the young Mao, his face lean and grave under a red-starred army cap—a reproduction of a photo made on the spot by Edgar Snow, whose own cap (at the suggestion of "assistant photographer" Dr. Hatem) had been borrowed to add "dignity" to the portrait of the casual, bareheaded commander of the Red troops. This photo is today a favorite throughout China.

At the far end of town, we climbed to the twin cave dwellings of Lin Piao. Cut into a stone cliffside, they look down onto now flourishing vegetable plots—the site of the former Hung-chun Ta-hsueh, a Red Army academy. Its student body had been valued at $2 million in rewards offered by Chiang Kai-shek for the capture of its young members. Many youths, working at stone or brick desks, had first learned to read from characters scratched into this sunbaked earth, and to write with pens made from empty Kuomintang cartridges. The then 28-year-old academy president, Lin Piao, presided over more than 800 students, while 2,000 applicants waited to be smuggled in from all over China. The academy later moved to Yenan, but while in Pao-an it was "nursery" to the young men and women who forsook families and braved death in the belief that that was the only way to free their country from the Japanese and Chiang Kai-shek.

From the army-wary, struggle-weary peasants they won trust, devotion and cooperation. When later the Reds were forced from Pao-an, the people went with them, convinced they would return in freedom to a new way of life under socialism. Having learned a manner of living and sharing with an army who neither raped nor plundered and whose leaders, clothed in "homespun," tilled the soil, they were willing to trust the future to their new friends and co-workers. Back in Chih-tan today, the spirit of Pao-an permeates another generation. Its green fields and forests, its reclaimed homes and hillsides are part of a vaster transformation that has changed the face of China. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Castro's Cuba: The Exception and the Rule

GUERRILLAS IN POWER: The Course of the Cuban Revolution. *By K. S. Karol. Translated by Arnold S. Pomerans. Hill & Wang. 624 pp. $12.50.*

ELEANOR HAKIM

Miss Hakim, formerly an editor of Studies on the Left, *has taught in the Queens College SEEK program and at the New School for Social Research. She is now living in Paris.*

Ever since Columbus declared Cuba a paradise to be ravished, a myth of exceptionalism—the claim of a special historical destiny— has accompanied and facilitated the exploitation of the island by diverse national interests.

Although Western left-wing intellectuals have analyzed the exceptionalist ideology that served to justify the American neo-colonial exploitation of Cuba, they have shied away from demythifying the special interests of the Soviet Union. Moreover, instead of deciphering the Castro regime's rationalization, they chose to suspend disbelief, and have underwritten the Fidelismo fiction of Cuban exceptionalism. And so, by an inversion of neo-colonialist myths, Rousseau's "natural man" was rediscovered in the New World, in the guise of Fidel and his twelve guerrilla apostles, organizing the "humble" of the earth, and bringing about a spontaneous, humanistic revolution that was finally to create "the new man of socialism."

K. S. Karol's *Guerrillas in Power* testifies (not always consciously) to this anamorphosis, despite the author's claiming to bear witness to the actual process of the Castroist movement, based primarily on his visits to Cuba—two during 1961, one in 1967 and another in 1968. He justifies the book's defects of structure and style, particularly noticeable in the first part, as virtues arising from his inductive method. In fact, his method fails precisely because the book is not a diary, concrete and organic in its development, but rather an elusive, disjointed reconstruction—made even less accessible by Arnold Pomerans' imprecise translation from the French.

Karol's professional ability to ask pointed questions or express doubts appears to have been overwhelmed by the optimistic pronouncements of Guevara, Dorticos, Castro and other spokesmen. Moreover, instead of simply presenting his interviews with these leaders, he adopts the rhetorical technique of C. Wright Mills's political pamphlet, *Listen Yankee*—that of paraphrasing the official ideological line in the naively persuasive voice of an ideal persona, with which the author's own voice tends to merge. The result is that the reader does not get either in an authentic rendering.

A more coherent outlook emerges in the latter portion of *Guerrillas in Power*, when Karol undertakes a critique based upon his last two visits. In summary: the popular belief that the Soviet Union is philanthropically supporting the Cuban economy is a myth.

> Fidel Castro told me one day that he was shocked to read in the pro-Soviet press that Soviet aid to his country had risen to a million dollars per day. He did not deny that his country was in debt to the U.S.S.R., but he assured me that full records had been kept and that they would be repaid to the last kopeck. No aid was involved at all; just ordinary business.

Cuba's debt includes the cost of unsuitable goods dumped there by the Socialist countries. Moreover, the system of credits and yearly sugar quotas prescribed by the Soviet Union has caught Cuba in a vicious circle of foreign trade imbalance and dependency. Citing the argument of the Belgian economist, Michel Guterman, Karol states that Soviet insistence upon paying for Cuban sugar in rubles rather than making at least partial payment in convertible currency, creates a mechanism which leads to "dollar investment for ruble sales." In effect: "in order to earn these rubles, Cuba has to invest vast amounts of hard currency in new plants and machinery" —essential equipment which the Socialist countries have failed to provide, and which Cuba (having "meager dollar reserves") must buy on the Western dollar market.

Hence, the disastrous all-out mobilization for the 1970 10-million-ton *zafra*, or sugar cane harvest, undertaken to gain convertible currency by producing 3 million tons for the free market (which had guaranteed a quota of 2.15 million tons) over and above the Socialist camp's 7-million ton quota. Ironically, "these extra tons were precisely the ones that called for the greatest dollar investment." Cuba's economic and social fabric has been severely wrenched by such exigencies, resulting in: "industrial and military conscription; closer ties with the Soviet Union; the kind of 'Communism' that prevailed in Russia during the 30's."

Che Guevara, in his speech in Algeria in 1965, criticized trade practices between the Socialist bloc and Third World nations, characterizing the exchange of machinery for raw materials at world market prices as immoral and in tacit complicity with imperialist exploitation. Karol sees the subsequent Cuban "heresy" of "continual revolution" in Latin America, exemplified by Guevara's injunctions to create "two, three, many Vietnams," as being in large part a last-ditch attempt to use international political leverage against toeing the Soviet line. He discerns the failure of that strategy in Castro's silence on the French student revolt in May 1968, and the Mexican one of July 26. It culminated in Castro's equivocal but nonetheless pro-Soviet speech justifying the August 21st aggression against Czechoslovakia. It was subsequently exemplified, Karol adds, in Castro's new line, indicating a willingness to accept a variety of non-guerrilla "revolution" such as occurred in the Peruvian military coup of October 2, 1968.

These insights result from Karol's view that, "given what the Soviet Union has become . . . the Soviet lead will only be followed by those who, in their turn, have given up all hope of effecting a radical transformation of society" and from his consequent disillusionment with Fidel's speech on Czechoslovakia. However, his evaluations of Cuban foreign policy essentially have not been updated since 1968, and fail to take into account the double-edged maneuvers that have ever been characteristic of Castro's foreign and domestic policies: Karol had been too literal minded in originally believing that "continual revolution" was Castro's "paramount objective"; and too reductionist in later equating the pursuit of more traditional styles of *Realpolitik* with mere rubber-stamping of Soviet policy.

Within Cuba, Karol declares at the end of *Guerrillas in Power*, the organizing of society on the authoritarian, hierarchical model of the army, has crystallized; the Committees of Defense "now have a purely repressive function."

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Economic reverses, penury and stringent rationing, social demoralization, and wasteful sacrifices of the population have largely resulted from: Fidel's paternalistic leadership; the choice to orient economic development in terms of misconceived primitive capital accumulation and accelerated economic growth; the gigantism of agriculture; the fascination with advanced technology; the inefficient planning and administration by military-minded technicians and political cadres; the exclusion of the rank and file from political and economic initiative.

Karol's critique represents a necessary step in adjusting the left-wing image of revolutionary Cuba as an exception, an "ideal country"—although European economists such as Bettelheim, Gutelman and Dumont have preceded him with more forthright analyses. Nevertheless, as a political journalist whose specialty is Soviet and Eastern European "socialism," Karol's professional experience is in part also his handicap; it inclines him toward over-reductive analogies to European Socialist models. Such analogies give insufficient weight to Cuban initiatives in policy making and to the intrinsic shortcomings of the Castroist movement. In addition, his profession may have imposed on him a measure of diplomatic silence, self-censorship, and ambiguity so that he might not lose all access to and credit with the leadership of Cuba.

The American edition of *Guerrillas in Power* has no introduction to bring it up to date, an omission especially noticeable in light of the failure of the projected 10-million-ton *zafra*, which Karol, suspending critical judgment, discusses in the optimistic future conditional. He merely adds a footnote and this self-vindicating claim in the Foreword:

> Some of the criticisms contained in these pages were bitterly challenged by the Cuban leaders and their foreign followers when the book was first published in France in the spring of 1970. Subsequently Fidel Castro himself was much more critical in his famous speech of July 26, 1970.

Actually, the reaction to the book of the Castroists and foreign promoters of the official line continues to be violent. Castro's denunciation of European left-wing intellectuals who criticize Cuba "from a Parisian café," has been extended to include intellectuals within Cuba such as the poet Heberto Padilla, who was arrested this past March.

The readers of *Guerrillas in Power* are the poorer for Karol's failure to compare his own and Castro's criticisms, or to analyze Castro's ambiguous prefigurations of worker participation. The speech of July 26, 1970, gave the signal both for the public venting of discontent and the channeling away of that discontent from the thoroughgoing structural reorganization and the possibility of instituting workers' "power of decision" that Karol affirms the Cuban people hoped for. Minor, safety-valve adjustments were made instead, conceived primarily to increase labor productivity—the responsibility for which was placed on the workers without any corresponding grant of initiative and control. Less ambiguously, only four days later, a television interview with the Minister of Labor, Risquet, disclosed the expedients that were to culminate in the projected "Law Against Vagrancy": workers' assemblies, councils and syndicate sections were to mobilize against and "denounce" the "absenteeists," "vagrants," and "semi-vagrants" in their midst; offenders would be sent to "rehabilitation centers"—later specified in the law as "re-education establishments" for "realizing productive activities"—and sanctions were to be applied as well to the category of "pre-vagrants."

In September, Castro further enunciated this carrot-and-stick policy, acknowledging that "if the Socialist state is not democratic, it shatters." Accordingly, the state would recover a modicum of flexibility through "democratization" while co-opting the process for its own ends. The rank and file—diverted from asserting its own interests in regard to power and the nature of the Cuban system—was to be enlisted in bringing about its own demise as a potentially critical, self-conscious working class. In January 1971, "The Year of Productivity," worker participation was initiated—after months of ideological preconditioning—in the circumscribed form of a nationwide discussion of the law against vagrancy, which was finally approved in March. Nevertheless, popular pressure may rise in the future and require an outlet through a "cultural revolution," though probably not as thoroughgoing a one as Karol would wish.

Vagrancy in any literal sense is not a social problem in Cuba. The term vagrancy has been redefined to represent social, political and cultural deviations from the reigning ideology—the very ideology that restricts the notion of "social responsibility" to "worker productivity." Moral culpability is displaced onto the Manichean effigy of "the vagrant" in order to rationalize low productivity that results mainly from authoritarian political and economic choices. At the same time, the concept ignores that element of low productivity which stems from conscious or unconscious alienation and resistance on the part of the workers—a manifest sign of structural deformations in the system itself.

In the same way, homosexuality was not a social problem, although it was

I HAVE LIVED UNDER ORION ALL MY LIFE

again it swings round under a mask of stars
everyone is enchanted almost to tears
in this carnival of blood in the only universe

you must remember the winters in the heartland
the ones with hair and teeth
that go for your throat whenever you speak of spring

I lived near Intercourse one whole year
and never had the pleasure

and when at last I decided to go home
I didn't know which way to point the car
all I knew was hope
had to be left behind with the rest of the luggage

now we travel each with his own star
for I have lived under Orion all my life

and tonight
leaping directly overhead
dangling his glittering sword or glittering sex

this first thanksgiving
this last life spilling open like a city of jewels

he strings a path in the darkness

Robert Mezey

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one of the pretexts for establishing the UMAP work camps (Military Units to Aid Production) during the period from 1964-67. Karol's gloss of this precedent denies the reader a solid basis on which to judge current developments. The official mass media utilized "the homosexual" as a symbol in an overt propaganda campaign against nonconformity aimed at discrediting incipient searchings for group identity on the part of Cuban youth, who have grown up in the paternalistic shadow of Castro's guerrillas, and who have been prevented from lending their own image and vision to the revolution.

Youth is now being stifled further through an application of the law against vagrancy. The signal having been given in Castro's speech on the *zafra*, a "solution" is being sought to the "problem" of nearly 400,000 6-to-16-year-olds "who abandon school for one reason or another." Castro proposed the "massive creation" of school workshops for "those of a given age who neither study nor work or who have a considerable primary school retardation" (*Granma*, January 1, 1971).

That policy amounts to labor recruitment through early vocational track selection, and would in effect: discount the cultural, political and class determinants underlying attitudes toward work and school; enforce pre-existing class stratification; create new lines of social division; penalize those from less favored social, cultural and political backgrounds in the light of the regime's petty-bourgeois educational norms and work ethic.

The promise of according a central place to Afro-Cuban culture and history within Cuban nationality has not been fulfilled. No program of Afro-Cuban studies has been put into effect. The already attenuated Afro-Cuban religious, cultural and quasi-political sects are undergoing further deracination, and very little is being salvaged by the Institute of Ethnology and Folklore.

The pattern of fragmenting and coopting social and political groups while appearing to unify them and increase their base of participation, is the underlying mechanism by which Castro's guerrillas achieved power and subsequently maintained themselves in power. Karol's tracing of this process is limited to the atomization of political organizations from the earliest days of the revolution. However, he stops short of identifying it as a general pattern, and as a home-grown source of "new crystallizations and new forms of oppressive regime" in Cuban socialism. Instead, he clings to the myth of revolutionary Cuba as a once tropical paradise corrupted by the transplanting of an evil seed:

> The first set-back came in 1961 when Eastern Europe became the prototype of the socialist society the Castroists wanted to build in Cuba. From that moment, their program lost touch with reality.

He neglects to make the synthesis: that this type of "socialism" conforms to, rather than contradicts, the guerrilla elite's ideology and its politics of power. This, despite the *apparent* lack of political and economic systemization, which Karol himself calls "authoritarian centralism *cum* anarchic decentralization" (in his footnote paraphrase of the French economist I. Joshua), and which, later in the text, he calls an "institutional void" and "provisional institutions in perpetuity."

Rather than institutionalizing the revolution, Castro has himself been institutionalized as the unique source of the Cuban nation's cohesion, while appearing to transcend the state and its repressive apparatus. When Karol wonders "if Fidel was not deluding himself about the real state of his country," he perpetuates the exceptionalist myth by failing to perceive that the delusion is itself ideological. The disparity between harsh realities and the promise of the revolution in Cuba has been concealed, compensated for, and rationalized precisely by Castro's exceptionalist image and by the voluntarist ideology expressed in his manipulation of the language.

The military and mystical rhetoric in Castro's 26th of July discourse denotes an intensification of ideological displacement and rationalization. Numbers and statistics are magically invoked to lend merit to ideological dogma, while ideology itself is used to confer merit upon real social and technical achievements. A fetish is made of technology. References are made to underdevelopment and semi-literacy, implying a fated inferiority of the Cuban population, and thereby exonerating the leadership of administrative and political failures while reinforcing the population's sense of political impotence. Such compensatory language as "battle" and "miracle" bespeaks a fantasy projection of will triumphing over reality: nature is to be vanquished; the people are to be sacrificed to the state's productionist options, and ultimately vindicated through their apotheosis as a nation.

Emblematic of this process was the coda of Fidel's *zafra* speech, where the tendency to canonize "martyrs of the Revolution" reached its apogee: he informed the population that Cuba now had in its possession—"perfectly conserved" as a result of the "special effort" of Cuban "technicians"—the hands of Che Guevara. As a special exception to the tradition of burying the dead, he proposed that Guevara's hands be placed in a museum. As it embarks upon a more orthodox stage of "Socialist" rationalization, the Castroist revolution, having absorbed Christian and Afro-Cuban symbolism into its own exceptionalist mythology, now means to embalm its guerrilla iconography in more tangible reliquaries. □

A Literary Community

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW 11. *Edited by Theodore Solotaroff. Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. Paper $1.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris has written several books of criticism on British fiction, and frequently reviews contemporary literature. He teaches at City College, New York City.

Back in 1967, eight years after *New World Writing*, the *avant-garde* paperback anthology devoted to essays, fiction and poetry, had gone out with a whimper, its publishers (New American Library) brought out the first volume of *New American Review* under the editorship of Theodore Solotaroff. In an introduction then, the editor noted that *NAR* would be generically similar to *NWW*, but would differ by "providing somewhat more explicit and topical connections between contemporary literature and the culture-at-large." Relevance—something indispensable, apparently, in any venture nowadays—is an admirable connective, a built-in link tempered by the conditions of the times. But to my mind what has sustained the value and quality of *NAR* over the past ten issues has been the inclusion of first-rate works which may indeed be apposite to "culture-at-large" but can just as easily stand by themselves. As an editor, Mr. Solotaroff is generally happy and provocative in his choices, adept at sighting the rising stars of young writers, and above all resolute in integrity. He refuses to make his review a forum for literary cults, coteries and cabals. His guiding principle is to keep the journal open to the "flow of fresh articulate writing and thought"; his credo, that good writing is good writing no matter where it comes from.

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Most of the writing in the present number comes from "the Movement" or "the counter-culture" or "the new underground"—whose representative figure is Richard Brautigan—and most of it is good. Apart from being diverse and "articulate," it escapes the lax syntax and parochial nattering characteristic of many underground magazines. Assured by dozens of "movement" writers that their work is "where it's at," I have never been quite certain what *it* is. For those who share my uncertainty, *NAR 11* will not only prove interesting but go some way toward clearing up their perplexities.

Perhaps the best means of defining the sensibilities and aims shared among these writers (most under or around 30) are provided by Michael Rossman's essay, "The Day We Named Our Child We Had Fish for Dinner," which weaves Kent State, the war, racism, campus revolutions, environmental problems—in short, all the threads of the shroud smothering our dying system—with the day-to-day business of living and the continuing dream of renewal:

> Do you mind if I finger my intimate fragments in front of you, awkwardly? I can't fit them together. But what else is a man to do in this mad time, pretend that everything's only at its usual standard of incoherence?

The impetus for the writing in this collection seems to be, if not precisely to create a "pastoral in the midst of death and dirt, hospitals and warehouses"—quoting from another essay, John Clayton's admiring critique of Richard Brautigan—than at least to establish (maybe in the imagination only) some sort of free retreat in an "unfree America." For unlike the writers of the forties and fifties, lone voices in the wilderness of isolation and alienation, those of the sixties and seventies know there is a community of people who think and feel the same way they do; people whom they can touch, speak with, love, write for.

Thus, the individual works are attempts to "finger intimate fragments" without necessarily putting them together, but, at the same time, they serve to sharpen our awareness that we shall not be healthy, natural, nor whole again so long as we live under the shadow of fear, violence, mistrust and madness.

On this count, the eight short stories make the greatest impact. Despite their differing techniques, all of them deal with the theme of false or betrayed or aborted ideals. Love, the staple of marriage and the family, is questioned in Harold Ober's "Daddy" and Hilma Wolitzer's "Ending." In M. F. Beal's "Gold," a narrator who has abandoned the "pestilence" of the city to seek "personal salvation" on a commune unlocatable in time or space, becomes an initiate into the mysteries of excreting gold *calculi*: a shaman-like function that works for the weal of the colony, but traps him (her?) in an asceticism more painful and lonely than his earlier life.

Three stories deal with the futility and brutality of "revolutionary" activities. James Kempton's "Dare to Struggle, Dare to Win" focuses on the cheerlessness, ambivalence and ultimate aimlessness of a group involved in a building take-over. Paul Spike in "A Good Revolution"—a virtuoso piece that cuts back and forth among the lives of a young missionary subversive in Africa, a disenchanted SDS type on campus, and black guerrillas in a seedy Detroit headquarters—shows, with exaggerated but not unjustified irony, how revolution can disintegrate into sex, sadism and death. Paul West's "The Season of the Single Woman" is about a black beach boy (self-schooled on *Mein Kampf* and *The Thoughts of Chairman Mao*) who accommodates white, middle-aged American women for money, and is eventually robbed and killed by a handful of the wretched of the earth, whom he has dreamed of leading in an island uprising.

In a similar vein, Frances Starr's "Don't Talk to Me About War" translates the physical sickness and suffering in a hospital as a kind of metaphorical "death machine" symbolizing our society, and her vision is all the more frightening for being clinical and dispassionate. And "A Home-Cooked Meal for the Astronaut" by Steve Katz is a fable of our "Garbage Age." Its implicit "moral": human beings, whose technology and callousness are turning the world into one huge dump, must in the end inhabit it as garbage themselves.

All in all, the fiction offers the more inspired view of life, going beyond the imagery and confession of the poetry in the current *NAR*—including that of Allen Ginsberg, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin and Sylvia Plath—and beyond the open-endedness of several of the essays. Norman Martien's peevish tirade against the universities, "Getting Out of Schools," in which the author overindulges himself in Thoreauvian paradox, often sounds as didactic, illiberal and fussy as the academics and administrators it inveighs against. Nicholas von Hoffman's hatchet job in "Nixon"—the President is a "global Johnny Unitas," the "Old Pro" thriving on huddles, dodges, feints, backfield razzle-dazzle and conflict—is justly satiric and (I imagine) accurate, but neither persuasive nor revealing; relying rather heavily on the receptivity of the anti-Nixon audience who will read it, and sagging under the strain of current jargon (". . . the battle of free enterprise yang against collectivist yin has stayed with him. . . .") Robert Coover's tribute to art and silence in "The Last Quixote: Marginal Notes on the Gospel According to Samuel Beckett," comes perhaps ten years too late. It is a tangled, parenthetical, snake-like essay that juxtaposes Coover's and Beckett's prose, but ends up devouring its own tail when the author praises Beckett's "great sense of vocation . . . in a time when no effort of the rational or imaginative apparatus can provide us one acceptable reason for going on with life itself, much less doing it the hard way." Art, of course, is hard, but isn't it "one acceptable reason" for going on?

Nevertheless, the reservations I have about this or any single volume of *NAR* do not impeach its overall excellence, its continuing challenge to thought and feeling. It is a paperback of substance, both sensitive and significant, and one that will be read and referred to long after its newness has worn off. □

Before Railpax

THE NATIONAL DREAM: The Great Railway, 1871-1881. *By Pierre Berton. McClelland & Stewart. 439 pp. $10.*

RAY GINGER
Mr. Ginger teaches history at the University of Calgary. His most recent book is Age of Excess: The United States from 1877 to 1914 (*Macmillan*).

This study of the origins of the Canadian Pacific Railway has had a protracted stay as No. 1 on the best-seller lists of Canada. It may stay there for a good spell to come, and the explanation is not hard to find. Berton is both a prolific author and one of the most prominent "television personalities" in that nation. He has a lively tale to tell—lofty politicians, crooked deals, ghastly hardships suffered in the mountains by parties running surveys so that routes could be chosen. Berton writes in prose that is vigorous but seldom purple, he marshals his evidence well, and the result is a volume with maximum dramatic impact.

When I moved to Canada two years ago, many natives asked me the same question: "What do Americans think about Canada?" My answer may have infuriated several citizens: "They don't." Nasty though it may sound, I think this reply is basically true. Probably the Texas oilmen who are investing so much energy in searching out the oil of the

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Arctic do not know and do not care to know about other aspects of the neighbor to the north. From this indictment I do not exempt even scholars like myself. By our indifference we have mutilated ourselves, for there is much enlightenment to be found in Canadian history. And also, as Berton superbly shows, much excitement.

The characters will be unfamiliar to most readers of this review: Sir John A. Macdonald, first Prime Minister after the Dominion of Canada was formed in 1867, and then again from 1878 to 1891; Alexander Mackenzie who replaced Macdonald from 1873 to 1878; Sandford Fleming, George Stephen. They were a colorful bunch. Macdonald, who was notoriously fond of booze, once summoned a lieutenant, D'Arcy McGee, and announced, "Look here, McGee, this government can't afford two drunkards and you've got to stop." Macdonald was also on occasion a flagrant corruptionist; he took $50,000 from a railroad promoter who wanted the Canadian Pacific franchise and used it to buy votes in a general election. His Liberal successor, Mackenzie, was at least as bad. He steered government purchases of large quantities of railroad iron to a hardware firm in which his brother Charles was a silent partner.

One virtue of this book for Americans is that it affords a new perspective on the history of the United States. For years I have been trying to persuade some graduate student to write a dissertation on "The Economic Usefulness of Political Corruption." Americans make a great fuss about jobbery. They prattle about Credit Mobilier and Teapot Dome and Eisenhower's Adams and Bobby Baker. The vices these names conjure up are not to be condoned, but a wise man will doubt that they are more common in the United States than elsewhere.

Berton could have enriched his pages even more if he had ventured more frequently into such problems in comparative history. His bibliography does not mention outstanding works on railroads south of the border by Thomas C. Cochran, Julius Grodinsky and Richard C. Overton. The author also seems grudging in admitting his debt to two earlier students of major portions of his tale: John Murray Gibbon (1935) and Heather Gilbert (1965). Although Berton has organized a complicated series of events in a lucid and usually forceful narrative, he has not dug up much new evidence. We may well doubt that any scholar could do so unless the Canadian Pacific executives agreed to permit access to the company's records, as railroads like the Burlington and the Illinois Central have done.

Yet another aspect of comparative history merits mention here. Canadian apprehensions about the United States are not new, and they are not frivolous. More than a century ago, Secretary of State William H. Seward was chirping that all of North America "shall be, sooner or later, within the magic circle of the American union." Such hyperbole continued at least until World War II, when one major Chicago newspaper was printing scare stories about an alleged Canadian army poised to invade across the frontier. Only paranoiacs today believe that a military conflict between the two countries is at all likely. But fears of domination by private American corporations are perfectly justified. □

Africa's Past—Another Version

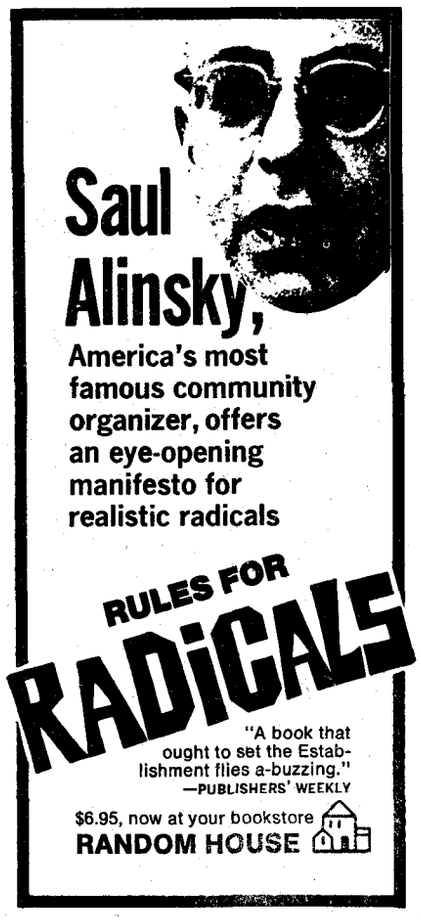
BOUND TO VIOLENCE. *By Yambo Ouologuem. Translated by Ralph Manheim. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 182 pp. $5.95.*

CHARLES R. LARSON
Mr. Larson is associate professor at American University, Washington, D.C. His book, Patterns of African Fiction, *will be published next year.*

Ever since the publication of Amos Tutuola's *The Palm-Wine Drinkard* in 1952, critics have been attempting to pigeonhole African fiction, to force African writing into Western literary compartments. Sometimes this obsession with classification has been useful, more often it has not. The African novel, it is true, is more closely related to the Western literary tradition than are African poetry and drama; however, it is absurd that Western critics continue to play this game of literary roulette. The game will probably be further encouraged, nevertheless, now that Yambo Ouologuem's *Bound to Violence* (*Le Devoir de violence*) has been so superbly rendered into English by Ralph Manheim. Ouologuem is from Mali, but his education is firmly rooted in the contemporary French literary tradition. Malraux, Sade, the Existentialists, the Absurdists—Ouologuem gives the impression of having read all these writers, assimilated them, and then gone one step further. His example, accordingly, will seem to justify the customary categorizing. And yet his novel is not so much a piece of fiction as a Machiavellian political parable, a historical treatise with touches of Spengler—a non-novel, a "new" novel. But this is only half the picture for, in a more realistic sense, the traditions which have most strongly influenced Ouologuem's novel are African, not Western: the rich oral tradition of a nonliterate culture, the folklore of its unwritten history provide the materials for an epic version of African history which, paradoxically, will be unacceptable to many readers.

To call this book an epic is, unfortunately, a kind of literary question-begging, for the word suggests something romantic, while *Bound to Violence* belongs more properly to the realistic tradition, even though it treats time and space in a most un-Western manner. The story begins in 1202 and ends in 1947, and, during that long period, characters divide, coalesce, and are born anew as the circle of violence Ouologuem records re-creates itself out of the blood of previous generations.

Ouologuem's subject is colonization, but his treatment is radically differ-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WINTER POEM

Frost feathers the panes where the house
loses heat it cannot quite shut.
The wind rising, he says, stuffing cracks,
the cold at its seams. He cannot imagine
summer dead under snow with leaves
and the shells of crickets, their songs
a place lived in, he watches snow
blowing ratlike on frozen roads,
his bones ache, the cold reaching them.
Nothing gets out but the heat,
the whole state under ice like a tile
that might peel and not fit back.
Nothing the mind settles to, no sign
that a leaf might grow
on the gesturing trees, wind,
cold in the dead land

Ken Smith

ent from that of earlier African fiction. His thesis is that Africans were colonized centuries before the coming of the white man—an interpretation which has not increased Ouloguem's popularity among militant African intellectuals. There have always been *niggertrash* (Ouologuem's term for the subjugated African masses), but there have always been the notables, too—in this novel the descendants of Saif Isaac al-Heit, founder of what Ouologuem has chosen to call the Nakem Empire. Part one of Ouologuem's novel, "The Legend of the Saifs," concentrates on the years up to 1898.

It is a bloody story, but appropriate to Ouologuem's central theme: that violence in African history did not begin with the coming of the Europeans but was thoroughly characteristic long before their arrival—systematically used to keep the "niggertrash" in their places. Ouologuem declares, "there is nothing unusual in this story. . . ." In it the reader encounters people who are roasted alive, poisoned, murdered by snake bite; pregnant women are butchered; there are castration, cannibalism and multiple examples of sorcery, zombieism, incest, insanity, homosexuality, and ritual defloration. Of the slave trade, Ouologuem writes:

> To maintain this ostentation and satisfy his craving for glory and new lands, Saif, thanks to the complicity of the southern chiefs, extended the slave trade, which he blessed like the bloodthirsty hypocrite he was. Amidst the diabolical jubilation of priest and merchant, of family circles and public organs, niggers, who unlike God have arms but no soul, were clubbed, sold, stockpiled, haggled over, adjudicated, flogged, bound and delivered—with attentive studied, sorrowful, contempt—to the Portuguese, the Spaniards, the Arabs (on the east and the north coasts), and to the French, Dutch, and English (west coast), and so scattered to the winds.
>
> A hundred million of the damned—so moan the troubadours of Nakem when the evening vomits forth its starry diamonds—were carried away.

And to every horrendous episode in the novel, Ouologuem adds an ironic amen: "A prayer for him," "a tear for him," "a sigh for him."

In spite of the fact that after a series of bloody battles the Nakem Empire eventually becomes a colonial territory, it is not long before the Europeans play into the notables' hands. Saif ben Isaac al-Heit skillfully mobilizes the energies of the despised populace against the invader, and he signs a treaty with the whites. Then he begins killing off each of the colonial governors sent to Nakem: "What wonder that thoughtless men, suddenly catapulted from the European cradle of civilization into the land of the Blacks, ignoring all advice and letting the grass grow too high around their houses, should fall victim to 'poisonous snakes driven out of the woods by fire'?"

> Who can say how many lives Saif snuffed out? After the auto-da-fé of Al Hadj Ali Gakore, and the "accidental" death of the governor, his wife, the administrator, his wife and daughter, Saif, accompanied by the throng of his dignitaries, appeared before the colonial authorities to lament the death, deplore their carelessness, and express his regrets at the fires in which six hundred and fifty-three Bibles had been burned.

Ouologuem recounts in detail the coming of the missionaries. Christianity hardly gains a footing—Saif's fetishist, Moslem, and black Jewish background are more than enough to meet the challenge. Some of Ouologuem's missionaries do not burn the African idols they get their hands on, but send them to Europe where they are sold at "exorbitant prices to antique dealers, collectors, museums, and shops. The profits went to the Church. . . ." It is in such strokes of irony and in the undercurrent of tragic humor which runs through the novel that the history of modern Africa is presented. Might this not be more like the way it really was? Might there not be a different version than the one offered by Western novelists and historians—and even by a number of African scholars?

Ouologuem records the coming of the West to Nakem in three characteristic stages: first the government officials, then the missionaries, and then the anthropologists: "a family of Germans—Fritz Shrobenius, his wife Hildegard, and their daughter Sonia. . . ." Shrobenius swallows all the stories Saif makes up about African civilization. "He was determined to find metaphysical meaning in everything. . . ." On one occasion, after listening to music, Sonia asks an African, "Is it functional?" And then Shrobenius invents African art: "An Africanist school harnessed to the vapors of the magico-religious cosmological, and mythical symbolism had been born. . . ." Soon Saif's craftsmen are faking art treasures by the ton which they sell to the acolytes of "Shrobeniusology." "Saif . . . had slapdash copies buried by the hundredweight, or sunk into ponds, lakes, marshes, and mud holes, to be exhumed later on and sold at exorbitant prices to unsuspecting curio hunters." A tear for Leo Frobenius.

Years pass. Saif continues to take advantage of the French officials, and in 1924, he sends the son of one of his household servants to Paris, having earlier decided that only sons of the servant class will undergo French education. Raymond Spartacus Kassoumi is the first African from Nakem to be educated in France. Kassoumi's twenty-year stay in Europe, though typical of the experience of any number of contemporary African leaders who spent their student years in France, is the least convincing part of the novel. After World War II, when the French decide to prolong the agony of colonialism in Africa a little longer, and permit the Africans to choose their own deputy, Raymond Spartacus Kassoumi is the logical choice. Ouologuem tells us "the cult of the good nigger had arisen. . . ."

The last section of *Bound to Violence* is undoubtedly one of the highlights of contemporary African literature. Once again, Africa and the West are pitted against each other—this time in a symbolic chess game played between Saif and Abbé Henry, a hunchbacked priest who has gained some following among the people. Both are old men; as each tries to kill the other in the game, a bamboo cylinder containing an asp rolls onto the floor. The history of modern Africa has been little more than a chess game, played by powerful individuals who have manipulated the "niggertrash" pawns. Whenever a stalemate is reached it is only temporary, for "Man is in history, and history is in politics." And history can only be bound to violence Ouologuem writes:

> The crux of the matter is that violence, vibrant in its unconditional submission to the will to power, becomes a prophetic illumination, a manner of questioning and answering, a dialogue,

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a tension, an oscillation, which from murder to murder makes the possibilities respond to each other, complete or contradict each other.

Bound to Violence imposes an intellectual journey on the reader, forcing him to cast out old ideas and accept new ones. The myth of a glorious African past will never be quite the same. Ouologuem has shattered the notion forever; no romantic picture of Africa can exist after this. It is not just those of us who are Western who have had our shiboleths destroyed, moreover, but, more significantly, Africans themselves—for *Bound to Violence* was clearly written for the African politician, the African intellectual, the African student in the classroom. As I have suggested, Ouologuem's history of Africa will be unacceptable to many readers—this is not the kind of myth making Africa needs at this time, they will say. Nevertheless, *Bound to Violence* is one of the finest pieces of fiction to come from a continent which has often been baptized in the blood of our own myopic ethnocentricism. □

Taking a Bad Chance

BEING THERE. *By Jerzy Kosinski. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 142 pp. $4.95.*

PETER GLASSGOLD
Mr. Glassgold is an editor at New Directions.

An author's reputation, unlike a geometric figure, may be greater than the sum of its parts. Take the case of Jerzy Kosinski. His first novel, *The Painted Bird* (1965), is one of the strongest works of fiction to come out of the East European experience of World War II; yet because the writer himself was unknown at the time of publication, the book was at first largely ignored, and had to gain recognition by forcing itself upon one reader after another.

Next came *Steps* (1968)—a shorter, experimental work, arresting in places, but difficult to follow and ultimately unsatisfying. Nevertheless, it was awarded the 1969 National Book Award in Fiction; assaulted by *The Painted Bird*, the official literary world yielded to *Steps*. One can only hope that the response to Kosinski's latest book will be more discreet. Far removed from that metamorphosis of deeply felt experience that is the essence of the author's earlier fiction, *Being There* cannot rightly be called a novel. A "modern parable," perhaps—so the jacket copy terms it—but unsuccessful, since its symbols are unclear and its moral elusive.

The central role in Kosinski's narrative is assigned to a feebleminded individual named Chance (". . . because he had been born by chance. He had no family") who has spent his life in solitude behind the walls of a suburban home. His routine is fixed: he eats, sleeps, tends a garden, and watches television—his only source of information about the world outside, since he is illiterate and generally incurious. Unexpectedly evicted from this sanctuary when his guardian, the "Old Man," dies, Chance confronts the reality beyond the walls for the first time, only to find that it is remarkably similar to what he had been seeing all along on TV; indeed, "if anything, objects and people were bigger, yet slower, simpler and more cumbersome. He had the feeling that he had seen it all."

An automobile accident brings him under the protection of EE—the wife of Benjamin Rand, an aging financier and Presidential adviser—who lodges him in her home while he recovers from a leg injury. She mistakes his name—Chance "the gardener" becomes "Chauncey Gardiner"—and because he is so extraordinarily good-looking, falls in love with him, even though he proves incurably impotent. EE's husband, for his part, sees in Chance the natural heir to his fortune and social position, and introduces him to the President; and he, in turn, is deeply impressed by the young man's simple wisdom:

> . . . suddenly the President addressed him: "And you, Mr. Gardiner? What do you think about the bad season on The Street?"
>
> Chance shrank. . . . Finally he spoke: "In a garden," he said, "growth has its season. There are spring and summer, but there are also fall and winter. And then spring and summer again. As long as the roots are not severed, all is well and all will be well." He raised his eyes. Rand was looking at him, nodding. The President seemed quite pleased. . . . He smiled at Chance. "I envy Mr. Gardiner his good solid sense. This is just what we lack on Capitol Hill."

The President subsequently quotes Chance's words in a televised report to the nation. As a result, over the course

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of the next few days, the one-time gardener is interviewed by *The New York Times* and finds himself a guest on a TV talk show. He also attends a U.N. reception and a Washington ball. And when the tale ends, we learn that he is being considered for a high—though unnamed—political office: "Gardiner has no background! And so he's not and cannot be objectionable to anyone! . . . Gardiner is our one chance!"

Unfortunately, this play on words is not very helpful, and wisdom literature —and what else is a parable, "modern" or otherwise?—seeks above all to suggest answers to ethical dilemmas. Yet how does Chance, a Candide in reverse, conduct himself once he leaves the garden he has cultivated his entire life? He eats, sleeps, talks about his tiny plot of land, and watches television as before, remaining untouched by this best of all possible worlds. Does Kosinski mean to tell us something about ourselves that presumably we had never considered: that we are a passive people, slack-jawed observers of secondhand experience? It seems to me that such a judgment is anachronistic. American apathy vanished during the period of the New Frontier, if not at its beginning then surely at its sudden, bloody end. □

THE FOXES

I stop for the foxes
red as jasper in the headlights
they are the common dead

on the summer roads
skunks and groundhogs scuttle
for the shoulder weeds

and raccoons grow confused and double
on themselves and stall
all finally hairy felts of blood

but foxes stand their ground
before the carlights
interested to the end and blind

masks and guardhairs bright
with pollen from the roadside
goldenrods and chicories

fearless with disease they come
by rabid hundreds to the roads to die
nightly I stop and dare to skin away

the pink of the vixen's urine-scalded
belly fur and amputate
the dog's red brush

bloods dangerously salt-to-salt
between us and turning have briefly stood
stunned in the headlights' core close

to falling in myself upon those wicked
spits and dazzlements I the driver
driven down upon and nearly

down in earth and roadsalt
covering the flayed vixen
blind the driver down and one among

his strewn brave beasts who blaze
like red stones on the white spines
of the nightly summer roads

John Engels

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

We are at sea when we discuss the staging of old Greek drama. Despite all the explanations and illustrations in textbooks: masks to make the actors more impressively superhuman, more visible and possibly more audible; *cothurni*, built-up shoes, to make them more formidable in stature; *periaktoi*, painted prisms to serve as "settings," we know little about ancient Athenian production.

The acoustics were perfect—I have had occasion to verify that in the edifices which are still usable—but we are largely ignorant of how the language was pronounced, how it sounded. In short, we can be sure of scarcely anything except the impressive spectacle of the vast areas which the theatres occupied. They had a seating capacity of more than 10,000 and the *orchestra*, that is, the main stage space, was about 80 feet in diameter.

What we call the Greek Theatre tradition is mostly modern German. Max Reinhardt's *Oedipus Rex*, first seen in Vienna in 1910 in a "circus," became a model for many of the later productions in this "Greek" tradition. Most of the memorable classic Greek performances in recent times are associated with famous actors. The French speak with awe of Mounet-Sully in *Oedipus*, as I once heard Isadora Duncan and Gordon Craig also do. In 1946 New York saw the Old Vic *Oedipus* in which Laurence Olivier starred. Everyone except that fine critic, Stark Young, was enraptured. He may have been unduly severe. "Mr. Olivier's performance," he admitted, "has sincerity, intelligence and a certain degree of semi-projected intensity." But at another point, Young complained that "Mr. Olivier makes sounds like cries in a boardinghouse and gets nowhere." In a review I wrote in a now defunct magazine, I remember speaking respectfully of Olivier's acting but pointed out that he presented a romantic or "soft" figure, rather than a classic one. Some years ago in New York City Alex Menotis attempted a sterner Oedipus in a modern Greek translation, but he too lacked grandeur and scope.

For years I read Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides, only to learn from T. S. Eliot that they were closer to Swinburne than to the original master, whom Nietzsche accused of having introduced personal psychology into the majesty of tragedy and by so doing diminished its nobility.

Though one of the fundamentals in the Greek philosophy of behavior was "Nothing in excess," extremes of pain are voiced in its drama. Edmund Wilson once remarked on this, finding in Sophocles not the godly calm that is generally ascribed to Hellenic art but fierce torment and rage at man's fate, aggravated rather than lessened by the ineluctable

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compulsion to accept it. What modifies this terror of Greek drama is the sublimity of its music: the lyric diction, the dance, the ritual, the "distance" between the bestiality of the action and one's contemplation of it.

Now the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center has chosen to do Sophocles' *Antigone*. Why? The play's theme at present must appear similar to that of *The Trial of the Catonsville Nine*! Creon, the anti-hero of the venerable play, sets the law of the City above that of human conscience. "The State is the King!" Creon proclaims; to which Haimon, Antigone's betrothed, replies: "Yes, if the State is a desert." There is much more to *Antigone* than that and if a reader would care to understand its full and almost inexhaustible content I should be obliged to refer him to the writings of the British scholar-critic H.D.F. Kitto.

My purpose for citing the foregoing data is simply to indicate the gap between a New York (or any American theatre) production and the immense complexity of the problem if it undertakes the presentation of a Greek tragedy. It is almost unbridgeable.

The translation by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald used at Lincoln Center strikes me as a good one. Without vulgarity, it is intelligible as direct speech for the stage. It eschews needless archaism or academic poesy. That it sounds occasional contemporary notes is no blemish. (I notice that another reputable English scholar, Allardyce Nicoll, quotes from it.) The play as text, though I suspect considerable cutting, comes through with Sophocles' characteristic compactness and cogency. In Greek drama Sophocles is the master craftsman.

The acting at the Vivian Beaumont is not at all bad. Reasonably read, nearly all the lines come through distinctly. Philip Bosco's Creon is convincing enough as "realism" and wholly "sincere." Martha Henry makes a good appearance as Antigone and has a voice which carries effortlessly. David Birney's Haimon is engagingly credible. The dance and musical elements, which played a crucial role in the Greek theatre, here amount to very little: the chorus has been rendered visually and dramatically neutral. Jane Greenwood's costumes are good-looking without fuss. Douglas Schmidt's setting, consisting chiefly of huge shattered images of Attic derivation in sculpted relief, is striking.

Yet I was left untouched, never for a moment vitally concerned. The production is a parade of isolated fragments from an august history. It may be virtuous to assay such a production; it is not conducive to pleasure or even edification. The basic reason for the failure is not "aesthetic" or technical—there is nothing terribly wrong with the Lincoln Center *Antigone*. The reason is that there is no inner necessity for it, no human pressure within our community to demand it, no real subjective, personal "push" in the players and producers to do it. It is fundamentally aimless. So we are once again faced with the dilettantism that makes so many "educational" dramatic institutions discouragingly anti-theatre. □

RECORDS

DAVID HAMILTON

BIZET: *Carmen*. Anna Moffo, soprano; Helen Donath, soprano; Franco Corelli, tenor; Piero Cappucilli, baritone; Chorus and Orchestra of the German Opera, Berlin. Lorin Maazel, cond. Eurodisc 80 489 XR. $17.94 (three discs).

MASSENET: *Manon*. Beverly Sills, soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Gérard Souzay, baritone; Gabriel Bacquier, baritone; Ambrosian Opera Chorus and New Philharmonia Orchestra. Julius Rudel, cond. ABC Audio Treasury ATS 20007/4. $23.92 (four discs).

One very significant dimension of theatrical music is that of time-scale—that is, not merely the length of the music in its own terms but its temporal compatibility with the dramatic action being carried out on stage. Not a matter extensively treated in the critical literature—Tovey broached it on occasion—its importance with respect to the vexed question of Baroque opera is impressively clarified by Charles Rosen in the chapter on *opera seria* in his recent book *The Classical Style* (Viking, $12.50), one of the most profound and far-reaching studies of a body of musical literature (and its cultural context) in recent years. It is worth the attention of all serious listeners, for the frames of reference that Rosen defines are suggestive far beyond the period he treats.

In such terms, the problem of opera must be regarded as three-cornered, involving the basic action to be treated, the librettist's particular formulation of that action (possibly incorporating certain determinations of the musical treatment), and the musician's composing-out (and, therefore, pacing) of the libretto. Given, for example, a libretto skillful on its own level as a dramatic translation of a certain action, the composer's operative density may remain totally unsuitable—as in the case of Boito's *Mefistofele*, where, it happens, composer and librettist are one and the same man. Conversely, a dramatically undistinguished libretto may yet give rise to a superior work if it allows the composer to synchronize his manner of pacing with the basic theatrical action; consider early- and middle-period Verdi.

(One might add that a basic task of operatic stage direction is the discovery of the particular intersection of these factors that brings about the success of a given work. Miscalculations in this respect account for many failures—e.g., the City Opera's recent presentation of Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, where narrative trivialities and elaborations are permitted to take precedence over the character relationships that obviously constitute the work's nodal point. Still more grotesque, of course, are the productions—more common at the Metropolitan Opera—where lavish scenery, almost always a peripheral matter, becomes the prime concern.)

Classically, Bizet's *Carmen* has long been regarded as one of the supreme achievements of the genre—a reputation it gained and retained in a version that includes recitatives composed after Bizet's death by another hand (to replace the

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original spoken dialogue) and incorporates various other alterations made before and immediately after the first performance. In recent years, a so-called "original version" has been published, restoring all the deletions; the extent of the Guiraud recitatives has long been known, and the Paris Opéra-Comique has always retained the dialogue, if in somewhat abridged form (cf. the recording on Pathé 35020/2). Last year, a recording was issued (Angel S-3767) with abridged dialogue, which also restored two significant passages; a pantomime scene in the first act, and a longer version of the duel duet for José and Escamillo. Now, Maazel's Eurodisc version (currently available as an import, and doubtless eventually to be licensed to an American manufacturer) gives us still more—mostly developmental and extensional passages—that was apparently omitted even at the first performance. Perversely, this set, described as "Originalfassung," omits the two extra passages in the Angel set, and the dialogue is trimmed to a desperate brevity. So, to hear all the available Bizet music for *Carmen* one needs both recordings.

Where, one wonders, does all this mucking-about leave the opera's reputation for impeccable construction? On the one hand, a multitude of significant plot detail is found only in the complete 1875 dialogue—but its absence has never affected the fundamentally just coincidence of Bizet's musical time-scale with that of the drama. By the same token, the Guiraud recitatives, although monotonously similar in harmonic motion and vocal profile, do not affect the overall timing either. (However, to say, as did one of New York's leading opera directors recently, that the recitatives are "a work of genius" is ludicrous—what superlatives then remain for Bizet's score? We would certainly be well rid of Guiraud, in favor of a tactful, non-frenetic adaptation of the original dialogue.)

On the other hand, the various musical passages of the reconstituted "original" call for closer examination. For example, the Act I pantomime is an entirely independent number—so much so, in fact, that it must obviously have been put in to build up a minor part, at a point in the opera where the plot has hardly begun to develop—but it ingeniously prefigures the main plot and could be staged quite effectively. The briefer internal alterations are mostly first-rate music, and always brilliantly scored; none of them is long enough to alter significantly the basic rate of musical events. This is, after all, not a through-composed work, and the tonal weights and balances that matter greatly in Wagner (even when the local working-out is of inferior quality) are never called into question by the omissions that Bizet made, willingly or unwillingly. It would be fine to have a local production that restored this material, so that we might see how it works in the theatre; along with the dialogue, it might induce a fresh view of this often ineptly produced masterpiece.

Maazel's reading of the score, incidentally, is vastly more cogent and carefully prepared than the aforementioned Angel recording. The brass tone in his orchestra is occasionally on the overemphatic side, but the totality of the ensemble leaves Angel's Opéra-Comique forces far behind. Unfortunately, he has been saddled (doubtless by the manufacturer's marketing consultants) with a pair of celebrated but totally unsuitable principals: Moffo with only a shred of a voice and the most primitive ideas of characterization (she is the fourth soprano in recent years to record the part without having ever sung it on stage), Corelli with more than enough voice and too little control, either dynamic or linguistic. The remainder of the cast is much better, and the small parts are done in exceptionally idiomatic and characterful fashion. (Angel's casting was quite complementary as regards the leading roles: a good Carmen and José, inadequate Micaëla and Escamillo.)

The sort of 18th-century pastiche that Massenet used to fill out portions of his operatic treatment of the Abbé Prévost's *Manon Lescaut* probably produced in early audiences, who were unfamiliar with the real thing, a certain illusion that we cannot share today. Especially on records, lacking the visual spectacle that evidently played a major part in this particular tradition, *Manon* is so palpably a triumph of padding in both libretto and score that one doesn't wonder at its frequent abridgment (the new ABC recording is, in fact, the first ever of the complete score). The frequent simultaneity of these two types of padding is but one of the opera's weaknesses; Massenet doesn't so much compose his operas as locate his high points (a good deal of fairly literal repetition is involved at these points, hardly ever any meaningful musical development), and then he routinely fills in the rest to make the five-act opera that convention demanded of him.

To be sure, those high points can have considerable melodic charm and, as New Yorkers have been able to observe in recent years at the State Theatre, the title role can be a real plum for a versatile soprano, wise in the projection of character (in fact, of something like five different characters). That same soprano, Beverly Sills, is heard on these records, unfortunately in a bit less than her very best voice; a good deal of the charm comes over, along with a degree of overemphasis that does not irritate in the theatre. I regret that Julius Rudel is still given to accepting sheer volume as a substitute for rhythmic verve, and that the overresonant recording abets this propensity with an access of echo that turns ensembles and choruses into indistinguishable muddles. Although the supporting cast is better than what we generally hear in New York, the old recording conducted by Pierre Monteux remains preferable on stylistic and sonic grounds (Seraphim ID, 6012). What works in the theatre—Miss Sills's character delineation, to which the music is almost incidental—cannot be carried off on records, for such an interpretive focal point is literally inaudible. □

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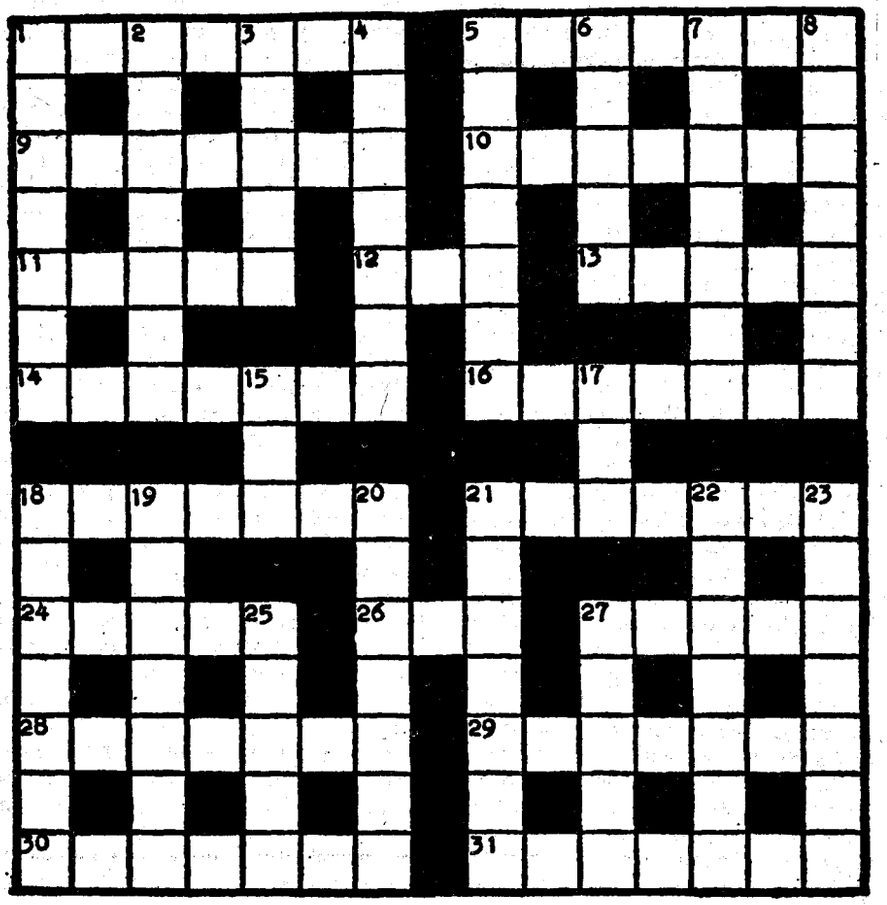
Crossword Puzzle No. 1396

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Sounds as though they might have colds —in their chests, of course! (7)
5 The region where what they used to strum is about what they were singing in, during the twenties. (7)
9 Splitting atoms, at various apertures. (7)
10 British meal, as a height of fashion? (4,3)
11 and 13 It's an unbelievable dish! (10)
12, 15 and 17 down and 24 across Typified by the Garden type of 11, in order to offer to purchase a study on the result. (9,5)
14 Certainly not like Keats' sweeter melodies. (7)
16 Such words as 21 down do, going on and on. (7)
18 Determines that it should be 12 days before Christmas, the month being short.
21 Books of flowers, possibly? (7)
26 A small portion of 4, perhaps. (3)
27 The range of a violin string around some early times? (5)
28 Not very bright, like a number might be.
29 As some do the stage of the digestive tract? (7)
30 One of Katisha's roarers. (7)
31 Fired about everything but the vegetable type! (7)

DOWN

1 Buckthorn has something garaged in the Spanish house. (7)
2 It isn't the bunion plaster that might hold you up! (7)
3 Those who get around possibly do. (5)
4 One horse-power control? (7)
5 What you might try to do to the one tilting towards you. (7)
6 New-fangled fashions in shifting gears?
7 Those invited probably don't. (7)
8 They might scratch the record. (7)
15 and 17 See 12 across
18 If a dent is made in this, you might get contumacious. (7)
19 Where in France to have a public announcer around as a messenger? (7)
20 Cause the ruin of what by implication would be much greener than the Beatles' boat. (7)
21 Natural description of a vacant Louvre?
22 This butterfly should have wide stripes.
23 Not exactly in taste, being inferior material. (7)
25 Haul up for a very short time. (5)
27 Have just a drop, coming back at a short haul. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1395

ACROSS: 1 Body snatchers; 9 Eater; 10 Fire power; 11 Decimal; 12 Airdrop; 13 Nails; 14 Manhattan; 16 Heedfully; 18 Niche; 19 Accused; 21 Romania; 22 Terminate; 23 Ducat; 24 Bombastically. DOWN: 1 Bleeding hearts; 2 Detective; 3 Scrimps; 4 Awful; 5 Certainly; 6 Emporia; 7 Sewer; 8 Preponderantly; 14 Melodrama; 15 Technical; 17 Fascism; 18 Nomadic; 20 Carib; 21 Rhett.

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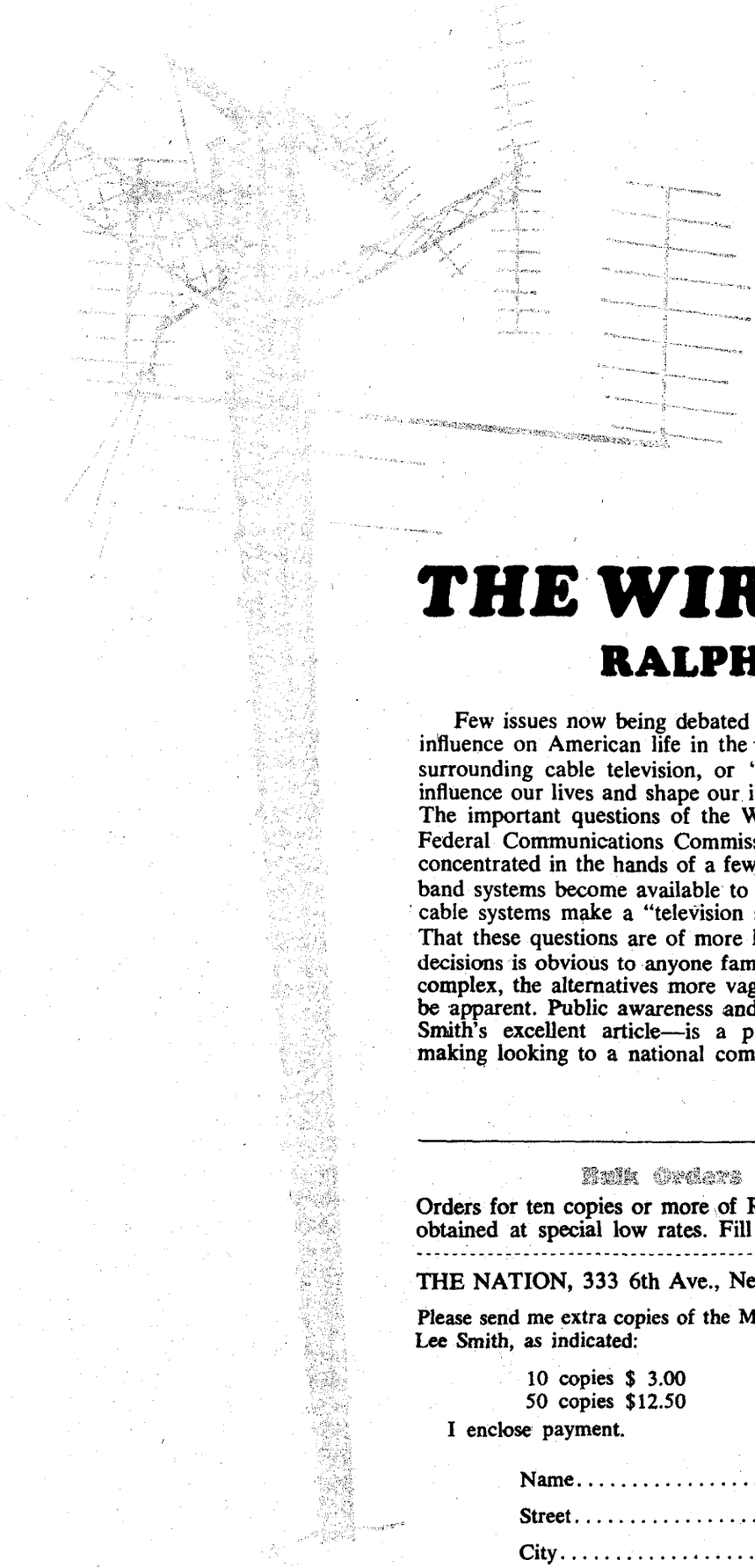

THE WIRED NATION

RALPH LEE SMITH

Few issues now being debated by the federal government have more potential influence on American life in the remaining third of this century than the issues surrounding cable television, or "The Wired Nation." Communications systems influence our lives and shape our institutions in ways unlike any other technology. The important questions of the Wired Nation are now being considered by the Federal Communications Commission. Will control over cable television become concentrated in the hands of a few media barons? Will two-way, switched, broadband systems become available to all homes? Will "common-carrier" channels on cable systems make a "television station" available to all who want to use one? That these questions are of more long-range consequence than conventional FCC decisions is obvious to anyone familiar with the subject. That the issues are more complex, the alternatives more vague, and the pressures more intense should also be apparent. Public awareness and discussion—such as will be produced by Mr. Smith's excellent article—is a prerequisite to intelligent government decision making looking to a national communications system for the future.

—NICHOLAS JOHNSON, Commissioner,
The Federal Communications Commission

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